

BY FRED BODSWORTH

FEBRUARY 1 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



The image shows two overlapping 'SCORE' sheets. A pencil is resting horizontally across the top of the sheets. The top sheet is partially obscured by the bottom sheet. Both sheets have a header section for 'Rubbers' and a main section for 'PLAYERS' with columns for 'WE' and 'THEY'.

Top Sheet (Visible Scores):

Rubbers	WE	THEY
1	500	30
2	500	60
	700	40
	100	700
	20	40
	40	30
	120	120
	150	180
	120	150

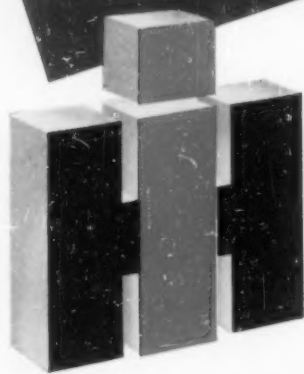
Bottom Sheet (Visible Scores):

Rubbers	WE	THEY
1	500	30
2	500	60
	700	40
	100	700
	20	40
	40	30
	120	120
	150	180
	120	150



REX WOODS

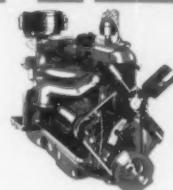
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NEW increased power now available in all International truck engines, providing a choice of hp ratings unmatched in the industry.



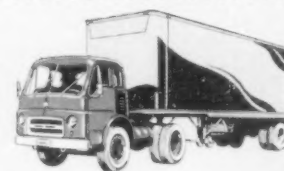
NEW light duty models with many new features including tubeless tires and automatic transmission as optional equipment.



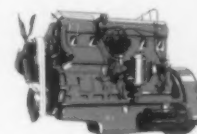
NEW multi-stop models (RM160) with METRO bodies—14,000 to 16,000 lbs. GVW. Ten Metro and Metroette Models. METRO-Matic transmission available.



NEW Cab-over-engine models—3 series, 12 models from 21,000 to 30,000 lbs. GVW—50,000 to 65,000 lbs. GCW.



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BIG BEN LOUD ALARM \$7.50
"He Has a Fire Alarm Call"

Big Ben Loud Alarm, Spring-Driven, is a forceful fellow. He has a tick you can hear. And his deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong wakes the most stubborn sleepyhead. Available in black or ivory finish, Big Ben Loud Alarm is only \$7.50. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.



Heavy sleeper or light sleeper...



BIG BEN CHIME ALARM \$8.50
"First He Whispers... Then He Shouts"

**one of these Big Bens
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Heavy sleepers count on the Big Ben with the intermittent "fire alarm" gong.

Light sleepers like the Big Ben with the two-voice alarm. (That's right, first he whispers . . . then he shouts.)

Which will it be for you?

spring-driven or electric

WESTCLOX*
keeps you on time

made by the makers of BIG BEN

Western Clock Company Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. *Trade Mark Reg.

Big Ben Chime Alarm, Spring-Driven, is a gentle soul. His tick is soft and considerate. And he has a two-voice alarm. When it's time to rouse you, "first he whispers . . . then he shouts." Available in ivory finish only, Big Ben Chime Alarm is \$8.50. Luminous, a dollar more.

EDITORIAL

Should Children Run the Country?

AFTER A month of deep reflection, the editors of Maclean's are agreed that the greatest national disaster of 1954 was not floods in Ontario, birch dieback in Quebec or the spruce budworm in New Brunswick. Formidable though they were, none of these catastrophes carried half so dismal a portent as the feud between Roger H. Blank and the CBC.

Roger H. Blank is a name we made up, but in all other respects what is set forth in this paragraph is the gospel truth. On the Thursday before Christmas, the man we have designated as Roger H. Blank invited eleven neighborhood children to a small Christmas party in his home in Winnipeg. The children's ages ranged from four to seven years. They were watching television when a program called Press Conference came on and three writers whose ages ranged from thirty-five to forty-one years began discussing Santa Claus with a psychiatrist whose age is fifty-eight. The psychiatrist said there was no Santa Claus and at this point Roger H. Blank, whose age we have been unable to ascertain, claims that in the audience before his television set "two of the little fellows began to cry." Mr. Blank was only one among several hundred television viewers who concluded from this that the CBC had failed its owners, the tax-paying public; in Vancouver, Winnipeg and Ottawa the same program created such an outcry from the viewing public of all ages that it made front-page headlines.

We are absolutely serious in nominating this as the most lamentable happening of the last thirteen months. For it was caused by no mere physical accident but by an ancient, stubborn and terrifying trauma within the nation's very soul. There's something seriously wrong with a country in which it's still a matter for public debate whether it is fitting, in a television program designed specifically for adults, that adults should discuss matters of mutual concern in an adult way.

And in this contention we don't intend to get sidetracked by the hoary argument about the value or lack of value in the Santa Claus myth itself. We're by no means certain that the Roger

H. Blanks of this world do a hurtful thing when they shield their own and their neighbors' children from the facts about Santa Claus. But we ARE certain that Roger H. Blank has neither a right nor a duty to shield the entire nation from the facts about Santa Claus. This is precisely what he and the forbiddingly large army of other Roger H. Blanks propose when they propose that nothing should ever be said over the CBC which could conceivably offend little Roger H. Blank Junior, aged four.

What Roger H. Blank Senior is thinking of when he allows a roomful of four-to-seven-year-olds to sit, unquestionably drugged to the verge of insensibility, before a television program clearly labeled Press Conference and appearing at a time when most four-to-seven-year-olds are in bed—this is a question only Mr. Blank himself can answer. But we're asking it. And we're asking the non-Blanks of the nation how long they're going to continue putting up with the Blanks and their ridiculous proposition that it's the CBC's responsibility or the book or magazine or newspaper publisher's responsibility or the state censor's responsibility to see that by no conceivable chance can four-year-old Roger H. Blank Junior's four-year-old brain be exposed to any scene, statement or observation that doesn't happen to fit his old man's ideas about child training.

The Blanks of this country have had far too much to say about how the country shall be run. Acting usually in the name of their sheltered and presumably backward offspring, they have obtained the outright suppression of more than one genuine work of art. On grounds of religious faith, they have made it difficult, indeed almost impossible, for certain scientists and philosophers to discuss their scientific and philosophic views over our national radio network.

Much as they anger us, we offer the Roger H. Blanks a piece of valuable advice. If they are incapable of guiding or policing their own children's entertainment, we strongly urge them to sell the television set, tuck little Roger H. Blank Junior into bed with a new rattle, and leave the rest of us folks alone.

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Art Director: Gene Aliman. Assistant: Desmond English
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N. O. Bonisteel, Robert Collins, John Gray, Sidney Katz, W. R. Luscombe, David MacDonald, Herbert Manning, McKenzie Porter, Ian Sclanders, Janice Tyrwhitt.

Editorial Assistants: Joan Doty, Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Joan Weatherseed.

Douglas M. Gowdy Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
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Editorial, Circulation & Advertising Offices:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

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ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work, just as on the ordinary records you buy. The records will feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction in this country and abroad. You listen to the performance first, or afterward, and then . . .



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A NEW IDEA OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, most of us are aware, we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. Our minds wander, and we realize afterward that we have missed most of the beauties of the work. There is no doubt about the reason: we are not primed about *what to listen for*. MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. They do it, sensibly, by *auditory demonstration*.

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Norman Del Mar, Conductor

Analysis by Thomas Scherman

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MAR 10

WHEN A **COLD OR SORE THROAT** THREATENS
IT'S **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—**
QUICK!
...FOR EVERYBODY



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it

frequently helps halt such a mass invasion . . . helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT
PHARMACAL CO.
(Canada) Ltd.



Made in Canada

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Girl Who Had No Talent

I SAW that the woman opposite me at the dinner table was bursting with a desire to startle us all but she was not going to waste it until she had our ears and our eyes. At last she saw her opportunity.

"Believe it or not," she said with a pretense of modesty that fooled no one, "I managed to get two seats in the stalls for Bea Lillie's first night."

How wonderful! How simply thrilling! Having lived in the world for sometime I did not spoil her story by saying that I also had two seats in the stalls. There is no use having two Wellingtons for one Waterloo.

But when I got home my mind went philandering into the distant past when, by sheer merit or something, I was promoted from office boy at the Nordheimer Piano Company in Toronto to answering the telephone switchboard in the sheet department and accepting payment of tuning and hire-purchase accounts.

It was fun to see customers come into our King Street store and go up to a salesman behind the counter and say: "Do you know a song about moon in June that goes da-da-da-doo-doo-doo-Moon?" But it was more fun when an Englishwoman, who played the organ in church on Sundays, would enter the store with her two daughters—Muriel and Beatrice.

Muriel was the gifted one. In fact she played the piano quite well, and in those dark uncivilized days the ability to play the piano was much esteemed. The years of enlightenment when girls would only have to learn to twiddle a dial were still far ahead.

We were glad for Mrs. Lillie's sake that she had one gifted daughter, because poor Beatrice could not do a darn thing. Her voice would hardly have got by in a church choir on a wet Sunday, and when she joined a touring stock company in northern Ontario she proved that in addition to being unable to sing or play the piano she could also neither dance nor act.

But from the cage of Nordheimer's shop I admired her for her high spirits. Sometimes she would address the salesman behind the counter with the affected drawl of a duchess opening a Conservative garden fête. Next time she would be so Middle West that her English mother would blush with embarrassment.

In fact she once horrified us all by actually doing the dance of the dying swan and tripping up every time she did a twirl.

Only two people believed in her—Beatrice and her mother. But I doubt if either of them knew what they believed. They sent her to a teacher who coached her in singing and acting but it was no use. At any rate there was still the other daughter

Continued on page 42



At a theatre-award performance in New York, Bea Lillie clowns with actor Thomas Mitchell. Even when she's serious the audience can't stop laughing.



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE In Indo-China



Canada's Adventure in Coexistence

IN INDO-CHINA about 160 Canadians, 300 Poles and 500 Indians are engaged in a fairly intensive exercise in peaceful coexistence. They are working together on an International Supervisory Commission that is half umpire, half midwife to three infant democracies and an infant Communist state, and in many ways it's like being cast up together on a desert island. The exercise is perhaps more instructive than encouraging, but it's not without its funny side.

Indians are so numerous on the commission merely because they have undertaken to maintain communications and provide the secretariat for all three delegations. The Poles are so numerous—nearly twice as many as the Canadians—because they need swarms of interpreters and because they have brought their own political shepherds along.

"In any group of five Poles," said a facetious observer in Hanoi, "two are political officers reporting on the other three."

When the contacts are more or less formal and public, the Poles are effusively cordial. I hitched a ride with them from the Polish delegation office to the Metropole Hotel in Hanoi, and the atmosphere reminded me of those Soviet Friendship dinners we used to have during the war, with toasts to Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin. But any real personal intimacy between Polish and other delegates is viewed with alarm by the Poles' superior officers.

In Vientiane, the placid little village which is the administrative capital of Laos, one young Polish officer was a jolly fellow and very popular with his Canadian and Indian colleagues. This went on for

some weeks, until finally the young Pole was summoned to Hanoi for a conference. When he came back he was a changed man. He avoided his former companions of the other delegations, cultivated a suitably stony expression and generally behaved like an Iron Curtain.

Canadians in Hanoi enjoy telling the story of a Canadian officer of Polish descent who speaks the language perfectly. He didn't reveal this at first and used to get considerable amusement from listening to Polish conversations at cocktail parties when they didn't know anyone was listening. But one night in the dining room of the Hotel Splendide, when he was sitting just beside a table full of twelve or fourteen Poles, he could resist temptation no longer. Halfway through the meal he turned around and cut into their table talk with a comment in fluent Polish.

Dead silence fell at the Polish table. Then the dozen men there rose as one man, turned on their heels and stalked out, leaving their dinner unfinished.

At the higher diplomatic levels, of course, these inhibitions are not so obvious, but I was interested by one small incident in Hanoi. I had an interview with the head of the Polish delegation, a charming man who said at the outset:

"Do you speak French? Good. My French is much better than my English."

And for fifty minutes we carried on an amiable conversation, he discoursing with perfect fluency and I laboriously putting simple questions in my *plume-de-ma-tante* French. When I got back to the hotel I mentioned this to a Canadian.

"That's *Continued on page 63*"



Time can be your friend

Most thinking men want to make adequate provision for their families if they die or for themselves if they live to the later years of life. If you, too, want to make this double provision, do you know that you can do it quickly—surely—through *one insurance policy*?

The Imperial Life recently introduced its Security at 60 plan for these purposes. Here for illustration is what six units of this insurance plan will do for you. It will provide:

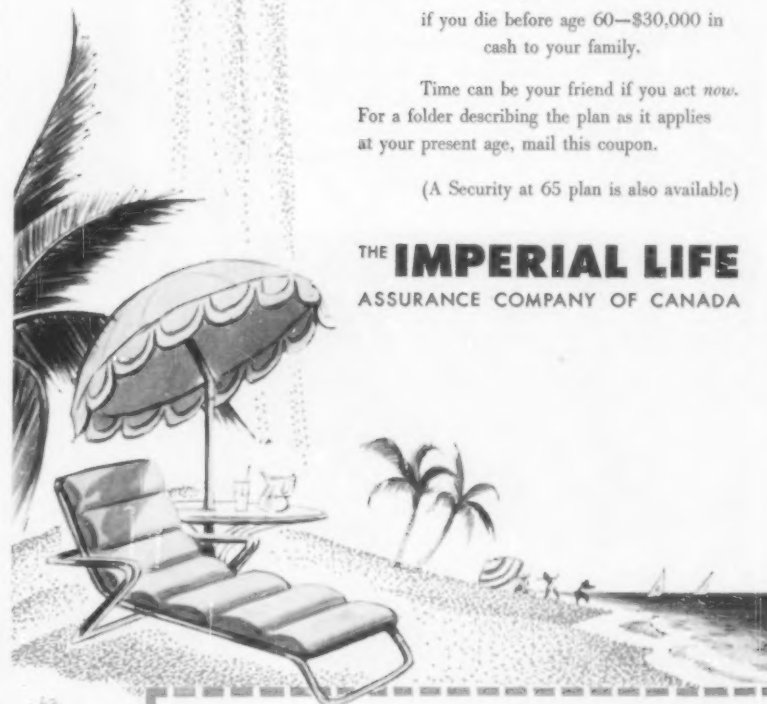
if you live to age 60—\$150.00 a month income for life or \$27,375 as a single cash sum

if you die before age 60—\$30,000 in cash to your family.

Time can be your friend if you act *now*. For a folder describing the plan as it applies at your present age, mail this coupon.

(A Security at 65 plan is also available)

THE **IMPERIAL LIFE**
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA



The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada,
20 Victoria Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

Please provide me with a descriptive folder of the Security at 60 plan with details filled in for my age. I am years old.

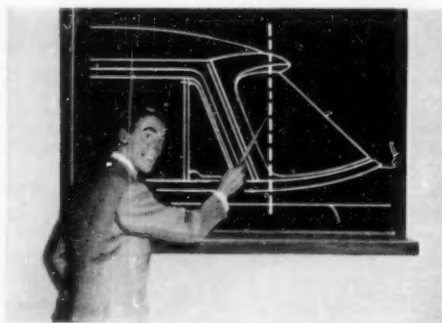
Name

Address

Windshield wraps around—at bottom and top
MOTION-DESIGN styled
 by Chrysler Corporation for The Forward Look



Unlike ordinary "wrap-arounds", this windshield is swept back both at the top and the bottom. This is accomplished by moving the entire windshield post to the rear, not merely by shifting the lower end. Result: visibility range at eye level is increased—where it really counts. Ordinary "wrap-arounds" stop short at the dotted line pictured below.



*Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited,
 makers of:*

PLYMOUTH
 DODGE
 DESOTO
 CHRYSLER

One quick glance and your whole outlook is changed.

Now, for the first time, here's a windshield that truly wraps around—not just at the bottom corners, like ordinary wrap-arounds, but at the top, too, to give you unobstructed vision at eye level where it really counts.

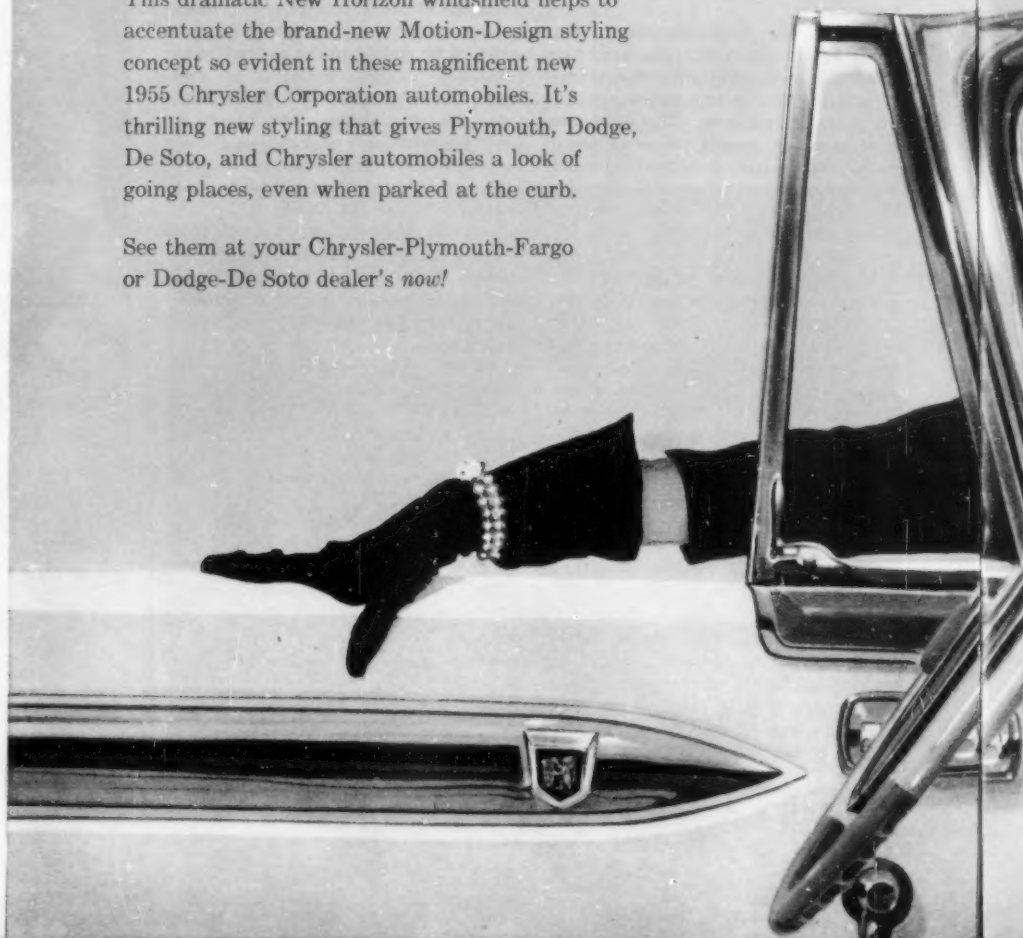
Here is an exciting new approach to wrap-around windshields that makes *all* others seem part of the past. It's the New Horizon windshield that will send your spirits soaring when you take the wheel of a beautiful Chrysler Corporation automobile.

Secret of this new kind of windshield is the swept-back effect achieved by slanting the windshield post at an angle—not straight up like a box.

Here is a windshield that literally flows into the low hood and the slim, trim top. That's because it is an integral part of the car—not an afterthought as ordinary wrap-arounds appear to be.

This dramatic New Horizon windshield helps to accentuate the brand-new Motion-Design styling concept so evident in these magnificent new 1955 Chrysler Corporation automobiles. It's thrilling new styling that gives Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, and Chrysler automobiles a look of going places, even when parked at the curb.

See them at your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo or Dodge-De Soto dealer's *now!*



*MOTION-DESIGN for The Forward Look . . .
gives Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, and Chrysler
automobiles a look of motion . . .
even when standing still!*





A new convenience for busy kitchens!

School's out! Chocolate milk time is in! Get the convenience, sanitation and safety of Pure-Pak milk cartons.

Over half of all bottled milk in the United States is now delivered in paper containers . . . and Canadians are buying milk in more than 10 million Pure-Pak cartons every month!

Get your milk in the handy Pure-Pak carton that "pours

like a pitcher." No bottles to wash or return. Used only once, only for dairy products, only by you.

Don't let habit deprive you of this modern new convenience! Ask for milk in Pure-Pak . . . at your store and at your door.

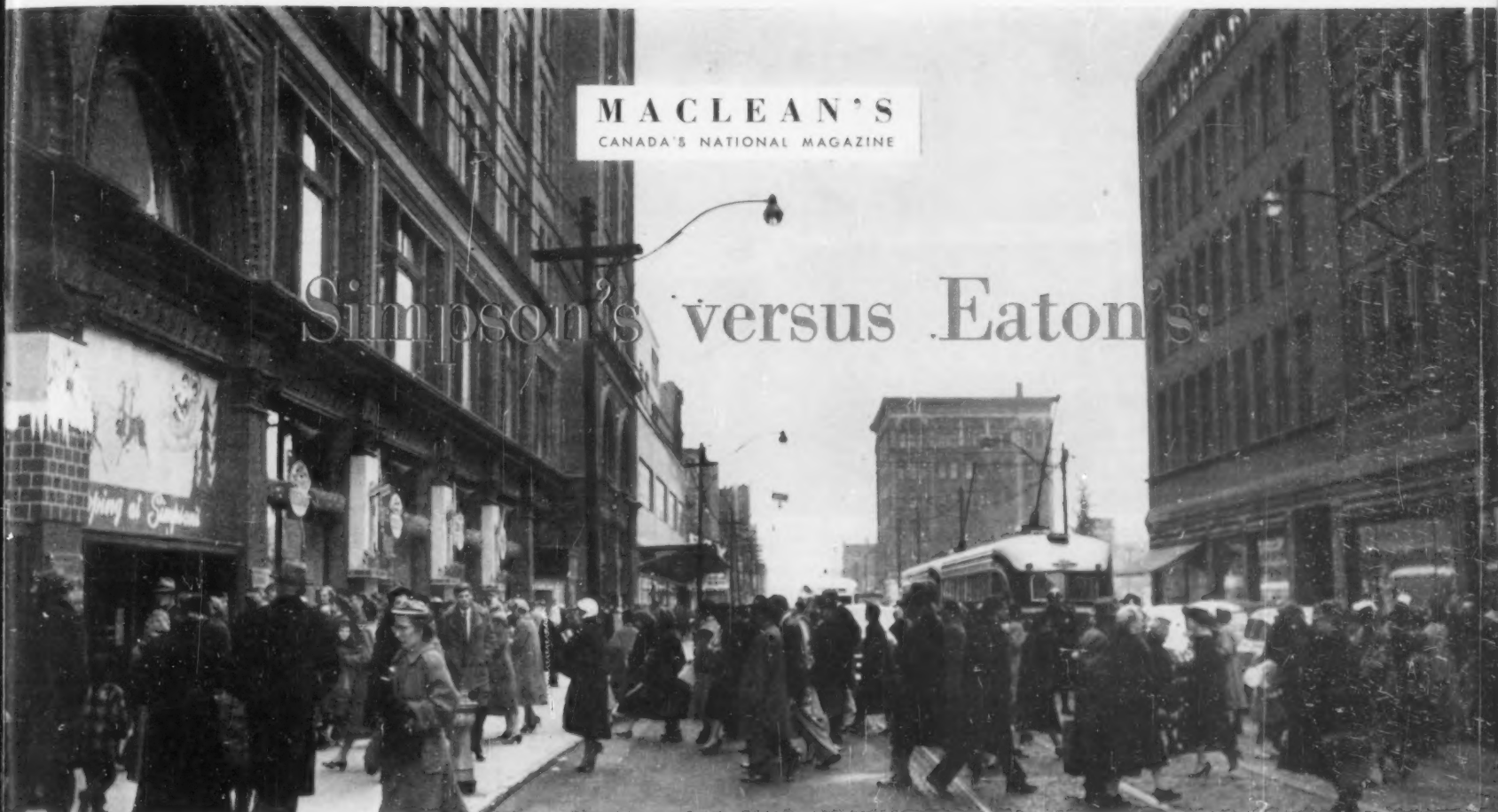
"You never outgrow your need for milk!"

EX-CELL-O CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO

Pure-Pak
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER



Simpson's versus Eaton's:



Shoppers stream back and forth across Toronto's Queen Street between Eaton's (right) and Simpson's, as Simpson's puts on steam to try to catch its main rival.

The Big Battle of the Big Stores

For the past two years these merchant giants have been swapping million-dollar punches in a Canada-wide struggle for a billion-dollar prize. They've fought with bargains, easy credit and king-size catalogues. And you ought to see what they're planning next

BY FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTO BY KEN BELL

WHEN Simpsons-Sears Limited opened one of its plush new stores on the outskirts of Hamilton last November, the downtown Hamilton store of the T. Eaton Co. sent a huge bouquet of white mums with good-luck wishes. Then Eaton's, having observed business protocol, quietly began to do everything in its power to prevent those good-luck wishes from coming true.

For Hamilton had temporarily become the focal point of the nation's hottest merchandising battle—the coast-to-coast Eaton's-Simpson's struggle for the biggest slice of Canada's billion-dollar-a-year department-store sales. Eaton's has had the biggest slice by far, with annual sales probably double those of Simpson's. But two and a half years ago, after some eighty years during which Simpson's didn't seriously challenge Eaton's lead, the Robert Simpson Company joined forces with the powerful Sears Roebuck Company of the U. S., set up the

new Simpsons-Sears and began a program of swift and aggressive mail-order and store expansion with the apparent aim of toppling Eaton's from its long-held spot on the top of the department-store heap.

Simpson's is still a long way behind, but it is challenging the Eaton's colossus as it was never challenged before. The merchandising war is reaching into virtually every Canadian home from the Eskimo tents of Aklavik to the mansions of Westmount, for there are few Canadians indeed who do not at some time or other buy something displayed in Eaton's or Simpson's catalogue or store. And with each side striving to outdo the other with service and bargains, most Canadians stand to gain.

The Hamilton battle last November was a miniature of the nationwide struggle.

Hamilton had been an Eaton's stronghold for many years. Its six-floor downtown store had been

the city's biggest—in size, sales volume and prestige. But the long-standing Eaton's supremacy in Hamilton was threatened when the dazzling new Simpsons-Sears store opened at the city's eastern outskirts. Eaton's on its six floors has 190,000 square feet of selling space; Simpsons-Sears on two floors has 220,000 feet. But perhaps more important for today's shoppers—Simpsons-Sears is surrounded by a floodlit, seventeen-acre parking lot, large enough to accommodate 1,500 cars—more parking space than on all of Hamilton's downtown streets.

Eaton's had been planning for the Simpsons-Sears opening almost as long and as carefully as Simpsons-Sears itself. Early last fall when it became known the new Simpsons-Sears would be open six full days a week, Eaton's, which had always closed Saturday afternoons, began to stay open all day Saturday. Long before Simpsons-



Last Nov. 17 Simpsons-Sears moved into an Eaton's area with a new store on Hamilton's outskirts—and a blitz of bargains. Downtown, Eaton's put on a blitz too.

Sears was completed, Eaton's and other downtown stores started advertising the slogan: "It's Fun to Shop Downtown—Where the Shops Are Tops." (Simpsons-Sears is not downtown.) And Eaton's meanwhile was saving up bargains for a blitz to coincide with the Simpsons-Sears opening in mid-November.

The opening was scheduled for Wednesday, Nov. 17. On the preceding Saturday Eaton's launched a sale which it called a "Pre-Christmas Shopping Festival" and heralded with four pages of advertising in the Hamilton Spectator. It followed that with two pages of ads each night

for the next week. It splurged with its best bargains the night before the Simpsons-Sears opening and hedged them with a "no telephone or mail order" restriction to lure customers downtown from the equally attractive bargains Simpsons-Sears was offering to mark its suburban opening.

Simpsons-Sears slashed its \$334 automatic washer to \$288, a \$46 saving. Eaton's offered a \$319 automatic washer for \$219, a flat \$100 cut.

One of Simpsons-Sears' best bargains was on women's woolen sweaters normally priced up to \$10.95. It cut these to \$4.98. Next day Eaton's featured the same sweaters—for \$4.98 too.

Simpsons-Sears had 59-cent nylons on its first day, Eaton's had 59-cent nylons the next day. Simpsons-Sears, for one day only, sold seven-dollar nylon window curtains for \$4.49. Two days later Eaton's were featuring slightly smaller curtains of the same quality for \$3.98.

Simpsons-Sears reduced a line of women's winter coats, which normally sold for \$40 to \$50, to \$29.90. Eaton's cut the same coats to \$29.88, and when these sold out a similar line was offered for \$27.

Hamilton hadn't had such a week of bargains in years, and each store did a roaring business. But Eaton's didn't lure many shoppers from the

The Battle of Bargains: A Bonanza for Hamilton Shoppers

New Record-breaking Low Price! Kenmore
Automatic Washer
\$288
REG. PRICE \$334 — Buy now and save \$46 during sale!
• All-automatic, labour-saving design! Set it and forget it!
• The most out of \$288! The expert electrician says you can't find a better value of washing in smart style. Automatic agitator and stainless steel tub. Removable control panel. Hot water heating. Superior drying and ironing ability.

SIMPSON'S-SEARS
In Hamilton washers were \$46 cheaper.

Clearance!
BENDIX WASHERS
25 AND 60 CYCLES
219.00
LIMITED QUANTITY

EATON'S
On the day the new rival came to town its washers came down a whopping \$100.

famous name orlon and fine botany wool
sweaters
4.98
Reg. \$4.88 to \$10.95
• Hundreds to choose from
• Galaxy of smart styles
• White, dark, pastel shades

SIMPSON'S-SEARS
To lure first-day shoppers sweaters up to \$10.95 were reduced to \$4.98.

SPECIAL SELLING!
"ORLON" CARDIGANS
Dry "Quick-As-A-Wink!"
Please, No Telephone Or Mail Order.
Ladies "Orlon" cardigans... such pretty companions for your jumpers and skirts! Buy one for yourself, give several away for Christmas gifts! They're packed with long sleeves, well-fitted, with buttons or zip neck. Please hurry! Choose from colors of white, pink, blue, red or navy. From \$10 to \$12. "Buy early! Thanks for the exceptional value!"
Sale Price! Each **4.98**

EATON'S
The next day, the same sweaters were advertised at the same bargain price.

first quality
nylon hose
59c PR.
In Packages Of Three!
51 gauge, 15 den.

SIMPSON'S-SEARS
In a store-opening parade of bargains nylons were a big saving at 59 cents.

Special Selling!
NYLON HOSIEP
Order up for shoes between now and 10:00 P.M. only!
Full Price! **59c**

EATON'S
Two days later Hamilton newspaper ads offered the same big bargain in nylons.

save on women's winter
coats
during Simpsons-Sears special opening sale event!
29.90
\$2 Down, \$2 Month

SIMPSON'S-SEARS
Women's coats worth from \$40 to \$50 went to first-day shoppers for \$29.90.

BIG SPECIAL PURCHASE!
ZIP-LINED WINTER COATS
Exceptionally Low Price!
Please, No Telephone Or Mail Order.
Famous designer coats in top full length or knee length. Stylish and comfortable. And when it's cold, they're warm! Features: wide notched lapels, long sleeves with buttoned cuffs, and generous hem. In dark or light colors. You'll be glad for every inch of wool in these coats! Hurry! Choose from this huge, last year's inventory. Sizes 12 to 20.
Sale Price! **29.88**

EATON'S
The same coats went on sale two days later for \$29.88 and quickly sold out.

Simpsons-Sears opening. As has happened everywhere that a new Simpsons-Sears store has opened, crowds began gathering long before the opening ceremony. Fifty police toiled to untangle traffic jams that extended like spokes of a wheel in every direction. When the doors of the store were thrown open a crowd of 7,000 swept in.

"It was havoc," said L. E. Coffman, former manager of a Sears Roebuck store in Omaha, Nebraska, now manager of the new Simpsons-Sears at Hamilton. "We sold out our main brand of refrigerator the first day—105 of them. And that first day we sold twelve thousand pairs of nylon hose, practically every one we had."

The shopping crowd saw a store that differs radically inside and out from those of its downtown rivals. It's framed with ornamental shrubbery and has covered outdoor walkways so that the exterior resembles a luxury hotel. Its two floors sprawl across three acres. There are no conventional boxed-in display windows; instead picture windows dropping almost to ground level open directly to the main floor, in effect turning the store into one vast display window.

Inside, tables of merchandise are arranged for self-selection. There are few conventional store counters. The floors of many departments are covered with \$15-a-yard broadloom. To promote what Simpsons-Sears calls "family shopping," there is a service station and auto-accessory shop attached to the store where pop can browse or get a grease job for the car, and there are TV sets through the store where mother can leave the children while she shops.

Since the Simpsons-Sears opening, Eaton's has stepped up its advertising and is using more newspaper space than its new competitor. Eaton's reported that it did its normal brisk Christmas trade. Simpsons-Sears claimed it was bringing new department-store business to Hamilton, making deliveries as far as Fort Erie and Brantford, forty

and fifty miles away. A Hamilton newspaper advertising executive commented: "One thing is certain. If Simpsons-Sears is hurting downtown business, it is hurting Eaton's least of all."

Hamilton's bright new Simpsons-Sears store is just one of seven the company has already built across Canada. For the Eaton's-Simpson's battle is not a short-term price war but a long-term, multi-million-dollar merchandising struggle geared to the biggest department-store building race of Canada's history. And prices and new stores are only two of its phases. It is also providing Canadians with a broader selection of goods in lines as divergent as suede windbreakers, geiger counters and automobile insurance—in both mail-order catalogues and retail stores. It is speeding deliveries and providing easier credit-buying terms. It is bringing new industries to Canada. And it is bringing lower prices based on streamlined manufacturing methods rather than here-today-gone-tomorrow price wars.

How do the two sides stack up?

Before Sears Roebuck of the U. S. came in, dramatically changing the picture, it was a simple two-team line-up—the T. Eaton Company versus Robert Simpson Company. Eaton's had a coast-to-coast chain of more than fifty department stores and a mammoth mail-order business, the biggest in the Commonwealth. Simpson's was a modest chain of five stores (Toronto, Montreal, London, Halifax and Regina), with a mail-order business reputedly about half that of Eaton's. Both were big, between them commanding close to three quarters of Canada's total department-store trade, but Simpson's was a distant second to Eaton's.

Then, late in 1952, Simpson's and Sears Roebuck tossed twenty million dollars each into a kitty to set up Simpsons-Sears, the new company to be half owned by each of its parent companies. The original Robert Simpson Company still operates its five department stores, but the former Simpson's

mail-order business went to Simpsons-Sears in the deal. For its part, Sears Roebuck contributed the world-wide connections and buying power that have made its U. S. chain of seven hundred stores the biggest name in department stores. The newcomer, Simpsons-Sears, in addition to reorganizing Simpson's mail order with the mass-selling techniques pioneered by Sears Roebuck, also launched the big store-building program which, to begin with, will put about fifteen Sears-type stores in Canadian cities.

So here is the new line-up:

On the one side, the T. Eaton Company with its eighty-five-million-dollar empire of mail-order warehouses and offices, and fifty-eight retail stores.

On the other side, the Robert Simpson Company with its five original stores and its Simpsons-Sears Limited which is operating the mail order and building a new chain of stores of its own. On this side too, but in the background, is the vast wealth and experience of Sears Roebuck of the U. S.

But Eaton's, with almost five times as many stores doing business as Simpson's and Simpsons-Sears combined, is still far in the lead. And there is no doubt Eaton's cash registers jingle louder and oftener than those of the opposition.

The dollar value of the business Eaton's does is one of Canada's most closely guarded business secrets. Eaton's is a family-owned company with no public stock, so it does not have to reveal business figures except in confidence to the government. But the Dominion Bureau of Statistics publishes each year the total business by all Canadian department stores—around one billion dollars. Since many stores publicly announce their figures, it is possible by elimination to arrive at a total sales figure that must be Eaton's. By this means it is estimated that Eaton's stores and mail-order offices sell between four hundred and fifty million and five hundred million dollars worth of goods a year.

Continued on page 43

The Battle of Credit

ALL DURING AUGUST AT SIMPSON'S

only \$10 down

ON EACH ITEM OF

Home Furnishings at Any Price

On Simpson's Home Lovers Club Terms

These terms apply to the following merchandise categories:

- RUGS AND MATS
- CARRIAGES
- FURNITURE
- HOME DECOR
- POWER TOOLS
- RUGS
- RADIOS
- REFRIGERATORS
- SEWING MACHINES
- STOVES
- TELEVISION SETS
- WASHING MACHINES

1. 10 months to pay on purchases under \$100.

2. 12 months to pay on purchases of \$100 and under \$200.

3. 18 months to pay on purchases of \$200 and over.

4. Up to 12 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

5. 24 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

6. 36 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

7. 48 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

8. 60 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

9. 72 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

10. 84 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

11. 96 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

12. 108 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

13. 120 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

14. 132 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

15. 144 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

16. 156 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

17. 168 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

18. 180 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

19. 192 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

20. 204 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

21. 216 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

22. 228 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

23. 240 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

24. 252 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

25. 264 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

26. 276 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

27. 288 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

28. 300 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

29. 312 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

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32. 348 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

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34. 372 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

35. 384 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

36. 396 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

37. 408 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

38. 420 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

39. 432 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

40. 444 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

41. 456 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

42. 468 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

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374. 4452 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

375. 4464 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

376. 4476 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

377. 4488 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

378. 4500 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

379. 4512 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

380. 4524 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

381. 4536 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

382. 4548 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

383. 4560 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

384. 4572 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

385. 4584 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

386. 4596 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

387. 4608 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

388. 4620 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

389. 4632 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

390. 4644 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

391. 4656 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

392. 4668 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

393. 4680 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

394. 4692 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

395. 4704 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

396. 4716 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

397. 4728 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

398. 4740 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

399. 4752 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

400. 4764 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

401. 4776 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

402. 4788 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

403. 4800 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

404. 4812 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

405. 4824 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

406. 4836 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

407. 4848 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

408. 4860 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

409. 4872 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

410. 4884 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

411. 4896 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

412. 4908 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

413. 4920 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

414. 4932 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

415. 4944 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

416. 4956 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

417. 4968 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

418. 4980 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

419. 4992 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

420. 5004 months on purchases of \$200 and over.

4



On a street corner in Vancouver's "drug zone" Detective Clifford Mead of the City Police Narcotics Squad frisks and questions one of B. C.'s 3,000 known heroin addicts.



Drug pushers and the addicts they feed on hang around dark halls of dingy boarding houses at the waterfront. Women often tap on room doors offering sex for a "fix."

THE DOPE CRAZE THAT'S

With two murders, two shootings and six bank holdups in a single month our third largest city is groping with the most frightening social crisis any Canadian community has had to face: it has the highest rate of drug addiction in the Western Hemisphere

VANCOUVER entered 1955 under its usual pall of benevolent dampness—and under the most unusual pall of crime and vice ever to blanket a Canadian city. The year just past, and especially its later months, had set new records for lawbreaking in varieties ranging all the way from the "one-way ride" of gangsterdom to ordinary brutal murder; from well-drilled major armed robberies to minor jittery stick-ups; from door-to-door prostitution to juvenile delinquency in its most sordid forms.

Strangely enough, the authorities of Vancouver blame a single factor for that seemingly unrelated complex of crime that beset their city. That factor is the drug traffic.

Walter Mulligan, chief of Vancouver's much-criticized police force, angrily declared that seventy percent of Vancouver's crime originated in the drug traffic. Elmore Philpott, MP for Vancouver South, moved in parliament for a federal investigation of

By MCKENZIE PORTER

"the growth of the narcotic drug menace" and pointed specifically to "its relationship to crime in general and its debauchery of youth in particular." And the records of the Vancouver detachment of the RCMP (freshly reinforced against the rising wave of crime) add a grim rider to Philpott's words: sixty percent of addicts start using drugs before they reach seventeen.

If, as the Vancouver police and lawmakers claim, crime in general can originate with the drug traffic in particular, then Vancouver certainly became a vulnerable place for a crime wave. Since the end of the Second World War the number of known drug addicts in Canada has risen from two thousand to five thousand; of these three thousand live in British Columbia, and two thousand of them inhabit or frequent a down-at-heel business section

in Vancouver's east end near the waterfront, bordered by Chinatown, and crisscrossed by such streets as Hastings, Main, Pender, Powell and Cordova.

Two thousand drug addicts in a city of half a million add up to one addict for every two hundred and fifty citizens. This not only gives Vancouver the highest rate of drug addiction in the Western Hemisphere, but means that if the city's rate of addiction continues to increase as at present, the crop of addicts now being born will constitute one in every sixteen Vancouverites.

Just how fantastic that figure is can be gathered by comparison with known statistics: at the height of the United States dope craze between 1920 and 1925 the number of addicts in the blackest area, New York City, never exceeded one in four hundred. And among the fifty million persons in Britain today there are only five hundred known addicts, or one to a hundred thousand.

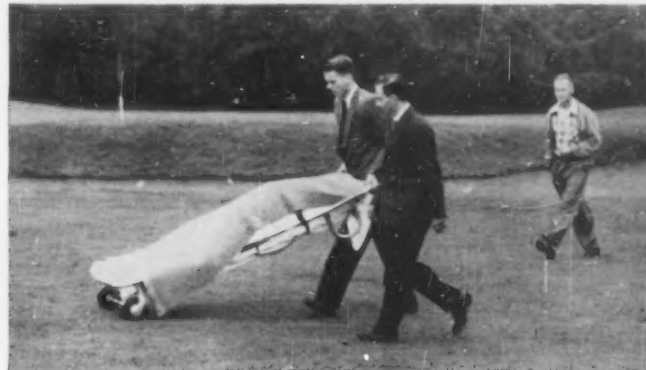
Gang murders and holdups set records in a hectic year of crime in B. C.



Captured last year after skipping bail, Vancouver drug dealer George Mallock drew 21 years in prison.



His brother John, also charged on dope counts, skipped bail at the same time. He is still at large.



On September 15 police found the bullet-riddled body of Danny Bront on the University of British Columbia golf course. On opening his strongbox at the bank later they discovered \$175,000 worth of heroin.



William Seminick, a pal of the Mallocks, was taken for a ride in November and left wounded.



Then thugs mistook printer Robert Hopkins for a police informer in the Seminick case and killed him.



Night watchman Donald McMullen was wounded four days later by a gang looking for a dope cache.



Police blame addicts for holdups. Using a length of pipe this grocer drove off a holdup attempt.



"Pardon me! I'm ahead of this gentleman." Cartoonist Len Norris satirizes the rash of holdups. Last October and November there were more than a hundred of them.

TERRORIZING VANCOUVER

Seven years ago British Columbia had one third of Canada's drug addicts. The rest were divided fairly evenly through the Prairie Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, with almost none in the Maritimes. Considering that the Pacific Coast province contained only one eighth of the nation's population, that figure was nothing to be proud of; but the postwar years were to darken the picture more and more. One eighth of Canada's population now contains two thirds of her drug victims.

Ironically enough, the reason for this melancholy vital statistic is also one of British Columbia's most prideful possessions: her climate. Vancouver police have heard in countless sessions of questioning arrested addicts the same story: mild climate allows a man or woman to get along on a minimum expenditure for clothing, shelter and even food, permitting more scraped-together money to go for drugs. Because of this, hundreds of addicts have migrated westward. And the drug traffickers have followed the trade.

The Vancouver police are inclined to agree, for once, with the opinion of persons on the wrong side of the law; recently the newspaper *Transition*, published by the prisoners of New Westminster, B.C., penitentiary, gave this bit of "inside information":

"The characters in the east, especially Montreal and New York, have lately shown a keen interest in Vancouver's large drug population. Profits from illegal drugs have for the past few years been

divided between about a dozen local men who have operated without molestation from the big operators in the east. Now these big operators in the east have decided they want to move in and reap all the profit so they have sent their gunmen to take the town over à la Prohibition."

The existence of an underworld narcotics chieftain in Canada was confirmed last August by federal Health Minister Martin. "The RCMP," he said in a public statement, "know the identity of this sinister racketeer but have insufficient evidence to convict him."

These statements point to a salient fact about Vancouver's drug and crime wave: the drug addicts themselves are not participants in the organized crime, the gangsterism that stems from the drug trade. The picture of a drug-crazed criminal carrying out daring daylight robberies belongs only in lurid fiction.

It is true that the vast majority of addicts have to turn sooner or later to crime or vice for the money they need—the money they desperately must have—to keep themselves supplied with drugs. The average addict injects himself three times a day with one grain of heroin, a derivative of opium. Each dose costs him an average of five dollars—one hundred and five dollars a week for drugs alone.

This means a potential ten-million-dollar annual market in Vancouver alone and another five million dollars to be reaped in the rest of the province.

The police call this a stake that gangsters consider worth fighting for—and killing for. They have been doing just that in Vancouver, thereby triggering one part of the crime wave.

War between the higher-ups also had a marked effect on the small retail peddlers. With normal supply lines temporarily interrupted they began tapping new sources. Some of them saw in the confusion an opportunity to break into the wholesale business themselves. But first they needed capital to finance the huge expense of even small consignments of smuggled heroin. These aspirations, according to the police, were partly responsible for the outbreak of bank robberies.

Vancouver averages six bank robberies a year. But there were six in November alone last fall. One of them, at a suburban branch of the Bank of Montreal, was the biggest since 1911—a forty-thousand-dollar loss. Five other banks were looted of a total of fifteen thousand dollars. "There can be no doubt," says Detective Clifford Mead of the Vancouver City Police Narcotics Squad, "that some of these robberies were the work of drug peddlers trying to break into the higher brackets of the traffic."

The disruption in the comparatively orderly traffic of previous years was being felt most painfully, meanwhile, at the lowest arc of the vicious circle of drug trafficking—among the addicts. One result of the underworld battle for control of the drug traffic

Continued on page 50



Fraser talks with Christian Vietnamese at a refugee camp near Saigon. Promised religious freedom, more than a million are still held in Red territory.

BLAIR FRASER REPORTS ON The Squalid Mess in Indo-China

THE EASTERN HALF OF THE GLOBE: ANOTHER ON-THE-SPOT STORY

**In this tangle of comic-opera countries
where a king can sell the police force to a gangster
Canada's UN team struggles to help build
a democracy while the Reds feel sure they'll get
all they want without fighting**

SAIGON
THERE'S A KIND of grim comedy about the task Canada faces in Indo-China. As things look now it's quite likely the Communists will come to power here by peaceful constitutional means, the first such victory Communists have ever won anywhere. It may become Canada's painful duty, in the name of democracy, to help them win it.

Last July, at the Geneva conference which ended seven years of war by Communists and nationalists against the French in Indo-China, the final declaration promised "free general elections by secret ballot" in Viet Nam, the biggest of the three countries of Indo-China. The elections are to be held by July 1956. If they are honestly run, the current odds on a Communist victory are about ten to one. Canada is one of three nations chosen at Geneva to supervise the elections and try to make sure they are honestly run.

As if that dilemma were not painful enough already, it also contains some possibility of grave differences with the United States.

Some American officials think their government shouldn't allow a 1956 election in Viet Nam. They're quick to remind all and sundry that "the U.S. didn't sign the Geneva declaration"; South Viet Nam

—where France is still “keeping order”—did sign, but the government could argue that it was too young then to know its own mind. Constitutionally, of course, the United States has no special status in Viet Nam, but practically it has the status of the rich uncle who pays the bills. If Washington encouraged the southern capital Saigon to postpone the election, there's no reason to think Saigon would refuse.

What that would do to Canadian-American relations, or indeed to the whole Western alliance, is anybody's guess. The Communists could have lots of fun with the spectacle of the leading democracy opposing democracy in the name of anti-Communism. On the other hand, it's all too likely that democracy now in Viet Nam would give Communism a painless triumph.

Viet Nam is half Communist already. The cease-fire pact divided it at the 17th parallel. France, which used to rule all Indo-China as a profitable colony, was left to keep order temporarily in the frail “free” nation of South Viet Nam. The Communist Viet Minh, who had beaten French Union forces in the north with Russian arms they got from Red China, got full charge of North Viet Nam and now run it as a Communist state.

In Hanoi, the Communist capital, I asked a Viet Minh official how he thought anti-Communist candidates would be able to conduct their election campaigns in Communist territory. He sipped his tea and smiled blandly. “It will be very difficult,” he said.

But the short odds on a Communist victory at the polls next year don't depend only on Communist possession of the north. They are lengthened further by the fantastic mess in the south, where the world's weirdest democracy is struggling to be born.

The nominal “Chief of State” is still the onetime Emperor Bao Dai, who lives on the French Riviera. He has proved himself equally obliging to the French and, during the war, to the Japanese; as a final proof of his flexibility he once accepted the title of “Supreme Political Adviser” to the Communist administration of Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh president.

The nominal leader of the government of South Viet Nam is Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem, a small, plump, timid-looking bachelor of fifty-two who has spent much of his life in a monastery. Even his enemies admit that Diem is honest, a tribute rarely



G.B.S. is slated for sainthood in the strange but strong Cao Dai sect led by Pope Pham Cong Tac.

earned or even claimed by politicians of South Viet Nam. On the other hand, even his friends and colleagues admit that he is weak. In actual fact Prime Minister Diem doesn't control anything. He is propped in office by two powerful quasi-religious sects, the Cao Dai and the Hoa-hao.

Cao Dai was founded in 1919 by a Vietnamese civil servant who got in touch with the Supreme Being at a seance. Its Pope gets instruction from Victor Hugo through the ouija board, and its savants are engaged in learned dispute as to whether Winston Churchill and George Bernard Shaw should be included among its saints. But the important thing about the Cao Dai is not its crackpottery, but the fact that it controls a private army of twenty thousand with which it controls a population of about two million in one region of South Viet Nam. They are said to be the best-trained soldiers in the southern zone. Their commander is General Nguyen Phamh Phuong, who sits in Diem's cabinet as a Minister of State and a member of the National Defense Committee.

There is no Minister of National Defense, because neither Cao Dai nor Hoa-hao would trust each other's man in such a post. The Hoa-hao is a Buddhist sect, mainly composed of farmers and peasants, which also has a private army of fifteen thousand or so and controls a large section of the country. Its commander, General Tran Van Soai, is also a Minister of State and member of the Defense Committee.

Besides the Cao Dai and Hoa-hao armies there is the National Army of South Viet Nam, but Prime Minister Diem doesn't control that either. For three months last autumn he found himself unable to dismiss his own Chief of Staff, General Nguyen Van Hinh, though General Hinh maintained an open, voluble and derisive defiance of Prime Minister Diem.

A fourth instrument of power in South Viet Nam is the police force. It's said to be strong enough to meet the army on equal terms in its own citadel of Saigon, but it, too, is beyond the control of Prime Minister Diem. Instead, the police force is operated by “General” Le Van Vien, a gangster chieftain who owns the gambling houses, brothels and opium dens of Cholon, the night-life suburb of Saigon.

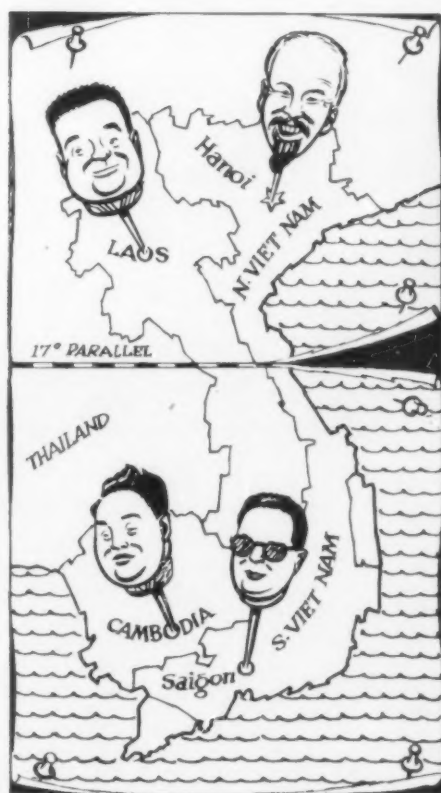
Vien is boss of the Binh Xuyen, an organization sometimes described as a political party but really a bandit group. The Binh Xuyen too has a private army. Emperor Bao Dai appointed its chief a general as a reward for his political support. Understandably, the Binh Xuyen is the one group in South Viet Nam which still supports Bao Dai as Chief of State.

One of Prime Minister Diem's cabinet ministers told me that Bao Dai had sold the police force to the gang boss for forty million piastres. Whether this is true I have no way of knowing, but it has been reported as a fact by several diplomatic missions in Saigon. Nobody seemed to think the transaction remarkable at all. It's much as if President Eisenhower had sold the FBI to “Lucky” Luciano.

These four armies, three private and one “national,” bristle at each other with unconcealed suspicion and hostility. All that keep them from each other's throats, apparently, are the two hundred thousand troops of the French Union who are still keeping order in South Viet Nam.

During the time when General Hinh, the Chief of Staff, was broadcasting his defiance of Prime Minister Diem, a spokesman for the powerful Cao Dai sect told me: “We of the Cao Dai could arrest General Hinh if we wanted to, but it would require a battle. We're afraid the French would use this pretext to intervene in the name of restoring order.”

Besides the four factions which take in vain the name of democracy, there is of course a fifth force underground—the Communist Party. The Communist Viet Minh had four hundred thousand troops in Central Viet Nam. *Continued on page 58*



One Communist dictator . . . and three gilded Kings of Orient



Ho: His Reds prodded foreigners with bayonets in Hanoi streets.

Map helps you find your way through the maze of Indo-China politics. Top: Ho Chi Minh—he runs the Communist state of North Viet Nam. Top left: King Sisavang Vang of Laos. Bottom left: King Norodom Sihanouk rules lush Cambodia by decree. Right: Emperor Bao Dai of Viet Nam.



Vang: A king since 1905, he spends half the year in France.



Bao Dai: He lives and attempts to rule from his Riviera villa.



Norodom: In uneasy Cambodia villagers are on guard at night.





Meet Quebec's Most Famous Family

Five nights a week on radio and twice on TV

Roger Lemelin's warmhearted Plouffes tell their troubles to the neighbors. Churches and theatres change their schedules. Merchants close up shop. Even the actors get carried away and actually think they're Plouffes

By KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

AT EIGHT o'clock in the evening of last Ash Wednesday the first of four weekly Lenten Retreats was about to begin in Montreal's St. Stanislaus parish hall. A noted Dominican, Rev. Marcel Desmarais, was conducting the service when he noticed a woman fidgeting nervously in her seat. Then she rose and tried to slip unobtrusively up the aisle. Father Desmarais halted her.

"My sister," he said, "you can miss the Plouffes this one evening. I must miss them four times."

The knowing Father Desmarais on another occasion installed television sets in a public hall when he was giving a Wednesday-night lecture. He has not been the only one to publicly recognize the popularity of "La Famille Plouffe," a warmhearted, earthy half-hour television program that appears over three French-language stations in its original version at 8.30 p.m. every Wednesday, over fifteen stations in its English version every Friday night, and as a quarter-hour French-language radio serial on ten stations five nights a week at 7.15 p.m.

So popular are the Plouffes that on that same Ash Wednesday Father Desmarais halted the woman, another priest, Father J. J. Bradette, of Montreal's Notre Dame de Grâce, announced that his service would be shortened to allow parishioners to see the program.

Hockey schedules in St. Jérôme, Joliette and Quebec City have been shifted to avoid games on Wednesdays. In Valleyfield the start of games is delayed until after 9 p.m. Throughout Quebec, theatre owners complain that attendance drops when the Plouffes are on the air.

Traveling salesmen going through small Quebec

towns report that they can book no orders between Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning; their customers are too deep in discussion about the program. Right after dinner, villagers gather in each general store that boasts a television set. The merchant with no set closes early and joins the others.

In Montreal and Quebec City tram and bus traffic falls off sharply between 8.30 p.m. and 9 p.m. on Wednesdays. An all-night lunch stand on Montreal's St. James Street closes every Wednesday night at eight and the owner inserts a card in the window in French: "Gone home to listen to the Plouffes."

The Plouffes are easily the most popular program on Canada's French-language television and radio networks. In Montreal eighty-one percent of all TV sets owned by French-language viewers are tuned to the Wednesday-night show, according to the Elliott Haynes survey. Fifteen percent of English set owners also watch the French-language show.

Across Canada the English-speaking TV version of the Plouffes is received with varying enthusiasm. In Toronto, where the show competes chiefly with the offerings of two Buffalo and one Hamilton station, it has a rating of nine points—about the same as the Liberace show carried Wednesday night by the Toronto CBC. The other ninety-one percent of set owners in both cases are apparently lured to rival stations.

But in Winnipeg, where CBC television has no such competition, seventy-six percent of the viewers watch the Plouffes. Altogether, according to the survey, it is the most-viewed Canadian-produced

CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES ▶

In a Montreal TV studio, the whole Plouffe family—actors, technicians, sponsors—gather round Roger Lemelin (in rocking chair), family's creator. Both French and English shows have top audience ratings.

Roger Lemelin takes Maclean's on a visit with the Plouffe family

... and we watch the family solve a problem:
Should Guillaume play hockey for Maroons?

MEET QUEBEC'S MOST FAMOUS FAMILY

continued

TV show in Canada and easily outstrips its rivals. With Gallic enthusiasm, the Plouffes' fans in Montreal deluge the CBC every week with letters of congratulation, advice and requests for photographs. The Imperial Tobacco Company, which sponsors the program and handles such requests, finally printed an album of photos for Plouffe fans.

Before Christmas last year a firm in St. Johns, Quebec—the David Lord Enterprises Limited—printed 140,000 copies of a Plouffe Family jigsaw puzzle and sold them for ninety-five cents each. In three weeks they were all sold. The St. Johns firm paid a royalty of three and a half cents on each puzzle to the author of the Plouffes and a cent and a half to the cast of actors.

Thirty-five-year-old Roger Lemelin, of Quebec City, one of Canada's most successful French-language novelists, writes both the TV and radio scripts, which are based on his book, *The Plouffe Family*, published six years ago. The programs have helped sell twenty-four thousand copies of the French version of the book, called *Les Plouffe*, and ten thousand copies of the English version, and fans are clamoring for more. A fourth edition of the French version is now being printed to satisfy this demand, along with a second edition of the English version.

Roger Lemelin has given these characters from his book one of the busiest schedules in show business—five times a week on radio and twice on TV. It is the only instance in the history of television anywhere that a cast plays a weekly program in two languages. (With only two exceptions the same actors work in both French and English shows.) Lemelin himself does an immense one-man job of script writing. In addition he recently took over the task of translating the French version of the TV show to English.

The fictional people responsible for all this excitement—The Plouffes—are a French-Canadian working-class family who might live in any Quebec city. The father Theophile is a plumber. The two older children Cecile and Ovide work in a shoe factory. A third, Guillaume, is a budding athlete of nineteen whose ambitions coincide with those of another brother, Napoleon, who is an amateur athletic trainer and has made Guillaume's career his life's work. Mama Josephine Plouffe completes the family, and from its everyday life Lemelin draws moving, hilarious and sometimes tragic episodes.

Cecile, played by Denise Pelletier, a popular actress who was Marie-Ange in Gratien Gelinas' *Ti-Coq*, is the Plouffes' spinster sister. At thirty-eight she plans to marry a homely bus driver Onesime (Roland Bedard). But Onesime has only nine thousand dollars in savings and Cecile says he must have ten thousand before she'll marry him.

Ovide is the family intellectual, a sensitive young man who is constantly shocked by an unfeeling world. The part is played by Jean-Louis Roux, co-founder of the Theatre Nouveau Monde, a successful Montreal repertory. Ovide loves Rita Toulouse (Janine Mignolet), who works in the

shoe factory where he cuts patterns. But Rita loves all men, though she's fascinated by Ovide's poetic manner. Stan Labrie (Jean Duceppe) is usually around Rita too, upsetting Ovide.

Guillaume is the baby of the family, adored by everyone, a youth who is expert at everything he tries. He plays games with an inborn skill. The straightforward part is played by Pierre Valcour.

Simple Napoleon is dedicated to sport. He was never good at it himself, but he tries to realize all his ambitions through Guillaume. His life is a series of joys and sorrows, and these are portrayed by Emile Genest, who was relatively unknown before he joined the Plouffes but is now a "find."

Papa Theophile is old and tired. He was once a champion cyclist. Drinking beer with his crony the carpenter, Narcisse (Julien Lippe), he lives those days again. Paul Guevremont, a stage and radio veteran, plays this somewhat pathetic character who is head of the family yet leans constantly on Mama.

Mama Has Raised Her Family

Mama is the heart of the family. Her own heart is perpetually torn by the tragedies she reads by the dozens in cheap paperback novels. Amanda Alarie, who has raised four children herself and at sixty-five is a grandmother, plays the Plouffe Mama—the symbol of family unity that is the central theme of Lemelin's series.

This theme perhaps explains best the Plouffes' hold on Quebec listeners and viewers. Fan letters indicate that many people see their own family problems in the Plouffes'. When the family rallies around Theophile who has lost his pay envelope, or Ovide rejected by Rita, or Napoleon scorned as coach of a National League team, there is a feeling of warmth that overcomes even the obstacles of translation.

The English script of *The Plouffe Family* follows the French closely, at the expense of a certain awkwardness in the dialogue when French words lose some of their meaning in translation. This is also at the root of occasional disputes between Lemelin and his sponsor, the Imperial Tobacco Company, over what is right for an English-speaking audience.

Thus when Mama explodes against hockey in French with "*maudit hockey!*"—"damned hockey"—it is changed to "*darned hockey*" for the English audience. And when Mama talks to her sister-in-law about Papa's love-making the whole scene is dropped from the English script for fear viewers may complain that Papa's a little old for that. Until recently the translation from Lemelin's French to English was done by William Stewart, a newspaperman who is a friend of Lemelin's. But Lemelin now does it himself and guards more closely than ever the French flavor he feels *The Plouffe Family* must have to be authentic.

On one occasion his sponsor suggested that the story line be changed to make *The Plouffe Family*

more like an English family. Lemelin flatly refused and was backed up by the CBC. But he often agrees to changes in words and phrases in the script where they may not be familiar to an English audience.

The opinion of the CBC on Lemelin's insistence that the Plouffes stay strictly French was summed up recently by Chairman A. D. Dunton, who said: "We think that *Les Plouffe* is a great creation in French because of its wonderful human qualities; and that it is great in English for the same reason. And we believe that much can be done for understanding between English and French-speaking Canadians through the warm human insight and feeling that flow from *The Plouffe Family*."

The Plouffe Family is produced in a hectic atmosphere. This begins when Lemelin's script is received by producer Jean-Paul Fugère. Fugère calls Lemelin on the telephone:

"Roger, how can we show Guillaume playing against Beliveau and Richard? It's impossible. Besides, Beliveau won't like the idea of Guillaume outplaying him . . .

" . . . You think so? All right, I'll find out . . . but we're going to have trouble with the sponsor on that scene about smoking . . . and they don't like all the spitting . . . yes, I know it's the way they act, but, television, you know . . . yes, I'll try . . . but in the English? . . . I know, I know, but the English are so sensitive about things like that . . . that's what they tell me . . . and two new actors and you give them the first scene, that's tough . . . yes, Roger, I'll try, I'll try . . . yes, it's a wonderful script . . . don't worry, everything will be all right."

After he irons out the script with Fugère, Lemelin translates it into English and sends copies to the CBC and the sponsor. Then it's mimeographed and from there the cast and technicians take over.

Reading their parts in both French and English and attending rehearsals for the two shows keeps the real-life Plouffes constantly busy. They start reading the English script on Monday—a laborious session since the script has to be checked word for word to make sure the French actors can handle each English word.

Denise Pelletier, who plays Cecile, has difficulty with her "h's" so "he had" is changed to "he got." Amanda Alarie isn't allowed to say "damn" and it's changed to "darn" in spite of her protests. Such corrections take about an hour.

At noon the cast starts rehearsing for the Monday radio show. On radio the part of Guillaume is played by Jean Pierre Dugas and that of Ovide by Jean Pierre Masson, but otherwise the actors are the same as on TV. After an hour's rehearsal they make a fifteen-minute tape recording to be broadcast that evening.

For the next two days they rehearse the Wednesday TV show, taking time out Tuesday evening to do a "live" radio broadcast, after which they rehearse and put another fifteen-minute program on tape to be used Wednesday evening. Fugère drives his cast hard, for

Continued on page 56



1 The plot opens with Ovide, the eldest son, visiting a girl friend, Rita. She asks him to stay but he says he's expected at home. "Guillaume's seeing the president of the Maroons."



2 At the Plouffes', Mama and sister Cecile dress up Napoleon, another brother, to go with Guillaume. "Businessmen don't wear suspenders," they nag him.



3 Ready to leave, Guillaume and Napoleon get pointers from Papa as Cecile looks on. "Take Ovide with you," says Papa. "He's an intellectual." Napoleon doesn't want to.



4 Napoleon talks it over with Ovide. "Don't you trust me?" he asks. Ovide tells Napoleon to go along with Guillaume. "You're one of the best hockey experts in Canada," he says.



5 As Napoleon waits at the door, Ovide tells the family: "It was Napoleon who coached Guillaume. He deserves the credit." Papa says: "Don't sign a thing till we've seen it."



6 Outside the office of Mr. Brown, the president of Maroons, Napoleon tells Guillaume: "Let me do the talking." Guillaume says: "Tell him I'm worth five thousand dollars."



7 But Mr. Brown says rookies aren't worth that much. He offers four thousand. "Beliveau gets twenty-five from the Canadiens," says Guillaume. They decide to ask the family.



8 Back at the Plouffes' Papa is excited meeting Mr. Brown. He brings out his old racing bicycle. Proudly he says: "Meet the bicycle that won the championship in 1910."



9 Napoleon takes Ovide aside and shows him the contract. "Always read the fine print," says Ovide. Napoleon does and finds Maroons can send Guillaume down to Buffalo.



10 The family talks over this news. Brown shows them the sweater Guillaume will wear. "No, 7—just like Morenz." But, after talking with Cecile, Mama says: "No Buffalo!"



11 Napoleon has been counting on Guillaume playing for Maroons. He's dejected. Mama consoles him. "You can't understand," Napoleon says. "The chance of a lifetime!"



12 As Mr. Brown waits to go the phone rings. Ovide, flanked by Papa and Napoleon, answers it. "Canadiens!" he says. Brown, to beat a rival, quickly changes the contract.



13 After Brown has gone Ovide tells the family: "It wasn't Canadiens at all. It was Rita. She wants to see Canadiens play and she has tickets. Mister Brown fell into the trap."



14 Napoleon goes to Rita's to thank her for phoning at such a vital moment. "You saved our lives," he says. Like most Plouffe family TV episodes, this ended happily.



Must the hates and fears of East and West lead inevitably to the extermination of human kind? One of the world's great thinkers gives his sharp attention to our most pressing problem and suggests a way out of the dilemma

BERTRAND RUSSELL TELLS

How to avoid a third world war

IF A world war were to begin tomorrow there would be three logically possible issues: there might be a victory of the West; there might be a Communist victory; or the war might end in a draw. In this last event, there would remain two future possibilities: the resulting peace, like the Treaty of Amiens, might be merely a breathing space during which both sides would prepare to renew the combat as soon as possible; or it might, like the Treaty of Westphalia at the end of the Thirty Years War, mark the end of an epoch of ideological strife and inaugurate a period of mutual toleration.

I do not wish at the moment to consider what would happen if the war ended in a draw, leaving the combatants intact as organized states. What I wish to consider is whether any desirable form of world government could emerge from the victory of either side.

Let us first consider the hypothesis of a Soviet victory. Painful as such a hypothesis must be to all who are not Communists, I am afraid that, as things are, it must be admitted to be possible.

This would not have been the case in the first years after 1945, while the United States still had the monopoly of the atom bomb. But at that time the U. S. government had not yet made up its mind that hostility to Russia was inevitable, and the U. S. armed forces, having won their war, were anxious to come home and very unwilling to embark upon another war. Now that the political situation has changed, the military situation also is different, partly because China has become Communist, but still more because Russia possesses atom and hydrogen bombs. The situation therefore is one in which the victory of the West cannot be assumed as a certainty.

What would happen to the world if the Russians were completely victorious, and their armed forces occupied strategic positions in the United States as well as throughout Western Europe? Would it then be possible to establish throughout the world subservient satellite governments such as those which the

**"An empire established
by conquest would inevitably
fall apart like Attila's"**

Russians have established in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia? And would it be possible, by means of such governments, to establish communist authority firmly throughout the world? I do not for a moment believe it.

We have seen already, in Eastern Germany, the difficulty of subduing a Western civilized community. But the population of Eastern Germany is small and its frontiers are close to those of Russia. The problem of holding down by force a very large and bitterly hostile population, such as that of the United States would be, is one that the re-

sources of terrorism and secret police would soon find beyond their powers.

An Empire of the East established by conquest would inevitably fall apart as did those of Attila and Timur. If it fell apart and powerful portions of the Western world reconquered their independence, bitterness, hate and fear would be far more dominant even than they are at present, and all the energies of the West would be absorbed by the hope of revenge. We must conclude therefore that along these lines there is no hope of the creation of a better world,

**"A third world war would
create a world even worse
than that existing before"**

or even of a lasting unification of the world under a tyrannical totalitarian regime.

Let us consider next what would be likely to happen in the event of a Western victory. As to this, I think we may judge from what has been happening in Germany and Japan. In both these countries, in spite of the reluctance of France in the one case and Australia in the other, rearmament is being encouraged, and there is no security that their governments, twenty years hence, will be any better than those overthrown as a result of the Second World War.

An outcome similar to this would be even more certain after a victory by the West in a third world war. Russia and China together are too vast to be held down by force for any length of time. The belief, in the United States, that the trouble is communism rather than the rivalry of great powers, would cause the Russians and Chinese to be quickly forgiven if they made a parade of ceasing to be Communist. Nationalism, which is the real cause of trouble, would remain, and there would soon again be a state of tension analogous to that which exists at present.

For such reasons, I do not think that a great war ending in conquest by either side is likely to bring about any lasting improvement. I am leaving out of account the destruction involved in a great war and the possibility that organized government everywhere might break down. I have been, in what has been said above, accepting the assumptions of militarists as regards the conduct of the war and considering only what, granting these assumptions, will be the result when war once more gives place to politics. If this argument is valid, we must look ultimately to agreement between East and West, and not merely to a supremacy of armed force.

I do not however wish to deny that, if a world government is ever established, some element of force may be involved in making it universal. The question, like many others in politics, is quantitative, and must not be dealt with on a basis of abstract principle.

What does emerge from our argument is that a world government cannot be established in the face of opposition from large and important countries, especially when that opposition has the bitterness resulting from defeat in war.

But if all the powerful nations were agreed, they might still have to bring pressure to bear, especially in the less civilized parts of the world. This pressure no doubt could usually achieve its object without actual war; but if actual war were necessary in any particular case, it could be a brief war, doing no vital damage to mankind. Such considerations however belong to a somewhat distant future.

A third world war, however it may end, will, like its two predecessors, solve no problems, but on the contrary create a world even worse than that existing before its outbreak. The aim of statesmanship should be to persuade both sides of this truth, and also to persuade each side that the truth is acknowledged by the other side.

We of the West are by no means persuaded that Russia will not embark upon an unprovoked attack. And, although this may seem absurd to us, the Russians equally are not persuaded that we shall abstain from attack if we think the military situation propitious. I do not think the world can improve so long as these mutual suspicions exist. Improvement can only come when each side is persuaded that, although the other side will resist aggression, it will

**"Private dueling has died
but the world duel remains, with
the same absurd psychology"**

not inaugurate aggression. If both sides were convinced of this, genuine negotiations and a real diminution of tension would become possible.

This can scarcely be done while each side is engaged, with all the rhetorical skill at its command, in pointing out the wickedness of the other side. I do not mean to deny the existence of such wickedness. I wish only to say that no useful purpose is served by emphasizing it on both sides. Perhaps the first and easiest step towards pacification would be an agreement on both sides to keep hostile propaganda within bounds. The next step should be to allow truthful information to cross the Iron Curtain. At present, as everyone realizes, the Russians are not allowed to know the truth about the West. The West is not so well aware of the fact that a great campaign is being waged in the United States to purge libraries of books that give information about Russia. Such obstacles to mutual understanding do nothing but harm and only inflame the passions leading to the futility of a third world conflict.

In what I have been saying hitherto on the subject of a third world war, I have accepted, *Continued on page 38*

What was causing the plague of dented fenders
at the intersection
of Bleury and Dorchester Streets? It took a young
reporter and a French-Canadian named
O'Donovan to solve the mystery of

The Flirtatious Phantom of Montreal

BY MICHAEL SHELDON



IT WAS ten o'clock on a damp and blustery March night. A slight young man, fair and bespectacled, stood under the traffic lights at the Bleury-Dorchester intersection. His hat was soaked, the wind had worked inside his overcoat, and his collar felt like a poultice. Every few minutes he took off his glasses and wiped them, but his damp handkerchief smeared rather than dried the lenses. Noel Desforges had been standing an hour in the rain, and misery had seeped right through him. The cars swishing along the macadam, the glowing galleons of streetcars, the reflected red and green light changes had no attraction for him. The Gothic oddity of the houses now being demolished for street widening, with their uncovered staircases leading to the heavens, had ceased to appeal.

Journalism, he now knew, was a damnable life. If he were not a reporter he would be in his warm comfortable apartment with a hot drink and a good book. His mother, knitting, could be relied on not to make conversation more than once a chapter. But someone had called in a tip about the unusual number of accidents occurring near this intersection, more than a dozen in the past three weeks and all after dark. Georges Santerre, his trouble-seeking editor, assuming something wrong with the traffic lights, had scented an opportunity to needle City Hall. And Noel had been told to get the story.

None of the accidents had been serious; just twisted fenders, scraped paintwork and a couple of punched noses. Noel had interviewed the men involved. Almost all of them put everything down to the other fellow's impossible driving, but five told similar, rather peculiar stories. Just as they were nearing the crossing, they said, something or someone seemed to dart across the street in front of them, making them swerve or brake sharply. They assumed it was some freak reflection off the lights of another car or a newspaper blowing across the street or perhaps a big dog. Except for one man.

He was a tall personable automobile salesman who had been driving back from an unsuccessful demonstration.

"It was some crazy dame," he said to Noel. "I'm telling you. One moment she was on the

sidewalk and the next she was bang in front of me: Did I ever step on that brake."

"Didn't she stay to apologize?"

"No sir. And yet I sort of felt she was still around. It was a filthy night, wet snow falling in big flakes, and she was wearing a light-colored coat. Difficult to see, you understand, but I thought I had a glimpse of her in one of those bust-in doorways. It was only for a moment."

With the evidence so inconclusive, Noel had decided to try to witness a crash himself; it seemed the only way to solve the mystery and satisfy Santerre. But an hour in the driving rain had been more than enough and now he promised himself to leave after the next light-change.

The screech of sudden braking came from up Dorchester. A panel truck had run into the rear of a scarlet convertible. Nobody was hurt but there was a nasty tear in one scarlet fender. Noel arrived to hear the truck driver explaining why the convertible driver should not be allowed on the road.

"Pulling up like that in the middle of a block! Miles from a traffic light! Nothing coming toward you!"

Continued on page 30

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

While the trucker cursed the driver of the scarlet convertible, Noel was sure he glimpsed a figure crossing.





For war Volkswagen made the Kübelwagen (bucket car), the all-purpose vehicle of the German forces. Here Canadian soldiers ride in one captured near Caen.



At Berlin's motor show in 1937 Hitler blasted car makers for not rushing his "people's car."

Hitler's Car m

**The Führer's "people's car"
laid a gigantic egg for the Nazis.**

**Now in an astonishing
postwar comeback, the Volkswagen
is blanketing world markets
and even claims it's crowding the
powerful U. S. "Big Three"**

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1955



For peace Volkswagen makes a convertible in its bid for a share of American small-car market. These Canadian women find it handy for supermarket shopping.

...r makes a Comeback



Porsche: he designed it. Nordhoff: he makes it.

THE ONLY popular survivors of Adolf Hitler's vision of a thousand-year Third Reich are Lilli Marlene, a schmaltzy song about a slender dream girl, and a chubby little automobile called the Volkswagen.

The song is now seldom heard but the car is firmly established across the world as a sort of up-to-date Model T.

The Volkswagen has come into its own in a way its late sponsor never could have expected. Instead of becoming a morale booster for *Der Führer's* all-conquering *Herrenvolk* the car now is a symbol of democratic West Germany's meteoric postwar recovery.

Adolf's little auto, whose basic design was completed in 1934, is being turned out at the rate of a thousand per day in a giant factory at Wolfsburg, just ten miles this side of the Iron Curtain. An egg-shaped "people's car" now leaves the assembly lines of this fabulous hatchery every sixty seconds.

Today Volkswagen are standard equipment for Arctic exploration and African safari, speed-test winners in rugged Australian crossings, favorites of New York bank robbers—as well as the sturdy stand-by of nearly a million ordinary folk in ninety-three countries. The car's motor is being

used to power aircraft, speedboats and milking machines.

Volkswagen now claims it ranks after the U. S. Big Three in number of vehicles produced. Since it was introduced on this continent in 1952, Volkswagen has sold sixteen thousand vehicles in North America, including five thousand in Canada.

In Canada the car's price ranges from about \$1,600 for the custom coach to more than \$3,400 for the ambulance. In spite of persistent rumors, plans for building a Canadian assembly plant aren't beyond the "close study" stage.

"We are here," says Werner Jensen of Toronto, head of Canadian VW sales, "to get our fair share of Canada's small-car market, which we believe will grow as economy becomes more important to car purchasers."

"I have just devised a plan for giving every thrifty German worker the opportunity of owning a cheap car to be known as the Volkswagen," Hitler told a bewildered audience of German car makers at the opening luncheon of the 1934 German National Automobile Exposition. "The clear duty of all good Germans is to purchase a Volkswagen."

The *Deutsche Arbeitsfront*, a Nazi Party organ which had taken over assets of the expropriated free German unions, was ordered to launch the

Volkswagen savings plan through its membership. Prospective car owners were issued special savings stamps for a five-Reichmark (\$2) weekly pay envelope deduction. Price of the Volkswagen was set at RM 990 (\$395). The nationwide installment plan eventually collected more than \$100 millions, with nearly three hundred thousand German burghers smugly pasting up their VW savings booklets. Not a single "people's car" was destined to get to the people who saved for it.

To design the Volkswagen Hitler picked Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, inventor of the highly successful Auto Union racing cars, and a long-time experimenter in small-car construction. *Der Führer* was unusually specific in his demands.

Porsche was to build a people's automobile with a cruising speed of sixty miles per hour (to be fit for Hitler's new superhighways called *Autobahnen*); it must give at least thirty miles to the gallon (gasoline had to be imported); it should hold four (so that parents could take their children with them); the engine should be air-cooled (so that owners could leave their cars outside without fear of frost). Porsche a few months later produced a working model that met the stringent specifications.

By 1937, Porsche had assembled about sixty experimental Volkswagens. *Continued on next page*

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE PURPLE PLAIN: Gregory Peck, as a war-weary but indomitable Canadian flier serving in Burma with the Royal Air Force, leads a grueling three-man trek through the jungle in this superior outdoor drama from Britain. Win Min Than as his fragile Burmese sweetheart and Brenza de Banzie as a plucky Scots missionary are also prominent. Eric Ambler's screenplay is from a novel by H. E. Bates.

AIDA: Some of the non-singers going through the lip-motions in this handsome Italian production are non-actors as well. But Verdi's thrilling score is superbly vocalized and a discreet narrator ties all the plot-pieces together, making the film a "must" for opera fans.

DEEP IN MY HEART: Jose Ferrer, as operetta composer Sigmund Romberg, sings and clowns and emotionalizes with a chilly surface brilliance in this long, tune-packed musical biography. Plenty of nourishment here for the hummingbirds in the balcony.

DÉSIRÉE: Marlon Brando as Napoleon, Jean Simmons as the naïve little ribbon clerk he jilts but never forgets, in an extremely lavish but sluggish screen version of the popular novel. Michael Rennie's stylish work as Bernadotte is the best thing in the picture.

LEASE OF LIFE: A Yorkshire village clergyman (Robert Donat) gallantly sets his little world in order after learning that he has only one year to live. A leisurely, rather sketchy drama from Britain, beautifully acted and full of convincing atmosphere.

MODERN TIMES: A reissue of Charlie Chaplin's hilarious 1936 spoof at the Industrial Age. Highly recommended.

THIS IS MY LOVE: Linda Darnell and Faith Domergue are sisters who are rivals in love in this overheated tabloid soap opera.

TWIST OF FATE: A devious and implausible crime drama, with Ginger Rogers as a kept woman who ditches her sneering sugar daddy for a manly young French potter.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

The Barefoot Contessa: Drama. Good.
Beau Brummell: Costume drama. Fair.
Bengal Brigade: Adventure. Fair.
Black Shield of Falworth: Widescreen sword-opera. Fair.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.
A Bullet Is Waiting: Western. Fair.
The Caine Mutiny: Drama. Good.
Doctor in the House: Comedy. Fair.
Dragnet: Brutal whodunit. Fair.
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.
Duel in the Jungle: Drama. Poor.
The Egyptian: Drama. Fair.
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.
Final Test: British comedy. Good.
Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
Human Desire: Sex drama. Poor.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.
King Richard and the Crusaders: Costume swashbuckler. Good.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.
The Last Time I Saw Paris: Drama. Fair.

Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man of Conflict: Drama. Poor.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
Operation Manhunt: Drama. Good.
Passion: Revenge drama. Poor.
Pushover: Crime & suspense. Good.
The Raid: Action drama. Good.
Rainbow Jacket: British comedy. Fair.
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Ring of Fear: Circus drama. Fair.
Rogue Cop: Crime drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.
Sabrina: Comedy. Excellent.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
The Sleeping Tiger: Drama. Poor.
The Student Prince: Musical. Fair.
Suddenly: Suspense drama. Good.
Susan Slept Here: Comedy. Poor.
They Who Dare: War drama. Fair.
Three Hours to Kill: Drama. Fair.
The Vanishing Prairie: Wildlife. Excellent.
West of Zanzibar: Jungle drama. Fair.
Woman's World: Comedy-drama. Good.

Troopers slammed them through every conceivable test around three hundred thousand miles of countryside. Hitler ordered German car factories to make sections of the new vehicle for assembly at eleven small plants outside the country's large cities. The disgruntled automakers filibustered about who would supply what. "I'll build my own plant to shame the industry!" sputtered the enraged Führer.

Porsche drew up plans for a Volkswagen works geared to an annual output of three hundred thousand. The little town of Wolfsburg on Germany's boggy northwest plain was picked for plant and company town construction, largely because of its strategic accessibility to the prewar Reich's main highways, rail lines and canals. At the time, Wolfsburg was little more than a castle surrounded by a few wretched huts and miles of mosquito-infested swamp.

Graf von der Schulenburg, the castle's owner, a stiff-necked Prussian cavalry commander, paced his gloomy corridors ranting that Hitler's auto plant would block his western exposure and spoil his sunset panorama. He never forgave the dictator and was one of the 4,980 Germans executed in the blood bath which followed the 1944 attempt on Der Führer's life. The castle is now a state-run orphanage, but it did gain immortality. Its main battlements form the centrepiece of the VW crest which decorates the stumpy nose of every Volkswagen.

On May 26, 1938, Hitler laid the cornerstone of the new plant and town. Construction, largely by Italian labor, was under the personal direction of Dr. Robert Ley, morose boss of the Strength through Joy organization.

The new plant's executives were better Party members than car builders. Only two hundred and ten Volkswagen—all for their own use—were completed before Hitler's troops stormed into Poland to start World War II.

During the war the factory turned out aircraft wings, torpedo parts, searchlights, mines, bazookas, and components for V1 missiles. Part of the plant became the main overhaul centre for Junker 88s and another section was rented to Alfred Krupp of Essen for making tank hulls and turrets.

Its most important wartime activity was production of fifty thousand jeep-like Volkswagen, called Kübelwagen (bucket cars), including submersible and amphibious models. While many Nazi soldiers on the Russian front owed their lives to the little vehicles—the only transportation faster than a horse that could be started in the sub-zero temperatures—the car's major exploits were as part of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps.

Unaffected by heat and resistant to sand, the Kübelwagen, painted bright yellow, formed a fast-moving advance fleet of radio scout cars, machine-gun carriers, ambulances and field-kitchen conveyors that spearheaded Rommel's desert fighting machine.

"The Volkswagen is giving a magnificent account of itself in the desert . . . Rommel's victories have been made possible by my timely recognition of the fact that desert warfare is a battle of machines," Hitler modestly admitted at a general staff conference on June 22, 1942.

"I think our wartime experience justifies us in saying that the Volkswagen is the car of the future," he later remarked. "When all the modifications dictated by war experience have been incorporated in it, the Volkswagen will become the most popular car in Europe. I should not be surprised to see annual output reach a million and a half."

An ingenious camouflage device saved the huge Volkswagen factory from air-raid damage until the spring of 1944. Raft-mounted units producing artificial fog were floated on the canal paralleling the plant and the prevailing east wind did the rest.

On April 29, 1944, a crewless British bomber, hit in a night bombardment of Hamburg, crashed into the VW laboratories, starting a roof fire. Three heavy daylight raids by the U. S. Eighth Air Force followed, in which fifty-five persons were killed.

Major wartime damage to the plant, however, resulted from revolts staged by slave laborers after production had almost halted. The day after the Nazi High Command cut off all raw materials—on Feb. 16, 1945—slave laborers staged a short bitter attack on the older Gestapo guards who had replaced younger Army guards called to the front. The attack was a failure and the laborers were imprisoned.

When the Second British Army reached Wolfsburg early in April, the remaining slave laborers, supported by a wave of starving refugees fleeing the Russians, attacked the plant and wrecked the remaining machinery. They had heard rumors that the Nazis had cached stores of hoarded food in the factory. After the British arrived all slave laborers in the town were freed.

Too Noisy for Britain

Invading British troops took over a few outlying sheds as a truck-repair depot. Almost immediately, a handful of unemployed German engineers brought out the prewar Volkswagen dies and with the lone surviving heavy press secretly hand-tooled two cars in a roofless corner of the wrecked plant. In spite of the Four Power ban on automobile construction, surprised British officials flew one of the models to England. Government engineers declared the vehicle too noisy and certainly too primitive ever to compete with British products.

After U. K. car manufacturers had turned up their noses at the plant's crumbling machinery as war reparations, the Russians demanded permission to dismantle the factory for setting up in East Germany. Colonel Radclyffe, the U. K.'s industrialization officer for the district, realizing that his army would soon be cut off from spare jeep parts by the end of U. S. lend-lease, stopped the Reds and called in an unemployed German automobile executive, Dr. E. H. (Heinz) Nordhoff, to reactivate the plant.

Nordhoff is a compact, blue-eyed engineer-salesman, who has since blended a cosmopolitan business outlook with Germanic efficiency to become one of history's most successful car makers.

In 1947 Nordhoff was part of the wreckage of postwar Germany. Because of his contributions to the Nazi war machine as head of the Opel truck factory at Brandenburg, U. S. occupation authorities had forbidden him to do anything but manual labor in their zone.

The second of three sons of a small-town banker, Nordhoff was born near Wolfsburg in 1899. Shot through the knees while serving in the Kaiser's army, he later attended the Technical University at Charlottenburg. In 1930, he joined the sales organization of Opel, the German General Motors subsidiary and visited Detroit and Oshawa for a firsthand look at North American sales and production methods.

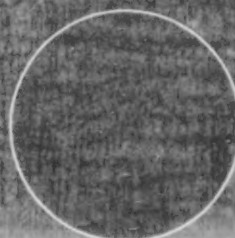
"At Wolfsburg, I inherited a wrecked factory, a helpless town, and an utterly disorganized group of half-starved workers, painfully turning out a few

*It's New
It's Revolutionary
It's Economical**

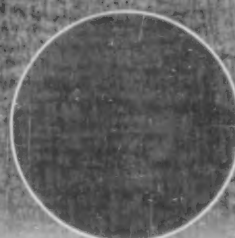
IT'S WOODGRAIN HARDBOARD FOR PANELLING

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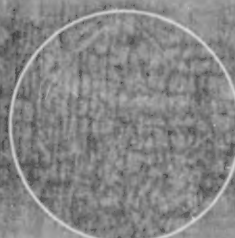
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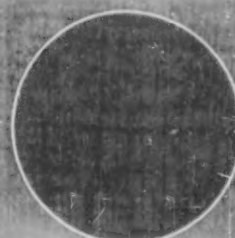
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Professional Advice

A professional man . . . a dentist, as a matter of fact . . . came in to see us the other day.

He told us that he needed some investment advice, and from what he'd heard of us, he felt we were the people who could help him. "You know," he said, "if you had something wrong with your teeth I'd expect you to come to me . . . or to someone like me qualified to give you good professional advice. Well right now, I need some professional advice about investments. That's why I've come to see you."

We sat down and discussed his problem. It turned out he had a good practice . . . had no dependents other than his wife . . . and he already had arranged a modest retirement program. But he was still practicing and had accumulated funds which he felt, if properly invested would permit him to add to his retirement fund. He wasn't interested in taking risks . . . he just wanted good sound investments.

We put some thought on it and came up with a program that we felt was best for him. Here was a professional man who wanted professional advice. He had come to us because he felt we were capable of giving it to him.

If, like our dentist, you think you need professional advice about investments, we believe we can help you, too. We'd be happy to see you in any of our offices . . . of course if it's more convenient just drop us a line.

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For nine years people had no cars; they lined up at the factory for Volkswagens

"cars a day," Nordhoff recalls. "There was only one chance; the Volkswagen as a car."

"A factory like Volkswagen," he says, "just couldn't stand still. My daily job was to keep it evolving in the right direction." He admits reluctantly that progress has been "somewhat spectacular."

When Nordhoff arrived in Wolfsburg he called his shabby working force together: "If we work hard enough, we can make over this plant and this dead town. If not, we'll die with them," he warned.

The biggest obstacle was lack of raw materials. Suppliers balked at being paid in the fluctuating Reichsmarks. The major sheet-metal producer would deliver only in exchange for cattle, and only potatoes sent to textile mills would obtain upholstering fabric. Because Wolfsburg had been planned as a self-sufficient community, there was a large factory farm at hand to provide the barter articles and feed production-line workers. Finished cars were also traded for food, with the first postwar Volkswagen bringing twelve pigs.

With nine years of pent-up automobile demand in Europe to fill, Volkswagen salesmen waited at factory gates every night to drive away their quota of the rising output. But Germany's 1948 currency reform, which supplanted ten Reichsmarks with one new Deutschmark, nearly wiped out the struggling plant. Finding he couldn't meet his payroll, Nordhoff telephoned his dealers for help. They arrived next morning carrying all the cash they could raise and VW survived its last major crisis.

Germany's state railway still remembers the rush to Wolfsburg. All Volkswagen-bound passenger trains now have at least two compartments per coach fitted as compact offices where dealers can dictate correspondence to railway-employed stenographers. The Wolfsburg plant sprawls over 770 acres, with floor space covering five million square feet.

The factory has its own foundry, textile mill and machine shops. Unlike North American car building, there's almost no subcontracting. It takes exactly twenty hours to convert incoming sheet metal into a shining Volkswagen. The job requires 3,900 machines, 20,900 men and 2,100 women.

The company is so certain of its manufacturing techniques that finished VWs aren't put through any major preshipment tests. Technicians trained to hear, feel, see and smell defects drive each car over a seven-mile course between its final assembly point and the railway station. On the quick drive, they run through a four-page, 129-point check list. Inside the plant, a 1,500-man inspection team checks on each of the vehicle's 5,500 parts. There's also a roving crew of super-inspectors inspecting the inspection staffs.

To hurry production, Nordhoff keeps raw material constantly flowing into the plant, but completed cars are never stock-piled. "This pressure-vacuum principle exerts a psychological speed-up influence on assembly lines, which has been mainly responsible for the reduction to a hundred man hours per car now needed, from the four hundred when I took over," he claims.

Nordhoff now lives quietly with his blond wife and two teen-age daughters in a company-owned house on the outskirts of Wolfsburg. A collector of

first editions and modern art, he is serious about his hobbies—hunting, gardening, building ship models—but finds little time for them. Up at 6.30 every morning, he drives his own Volkswagen to work. His salary, never officially revealed, has been estimated at \$25,000 a year.

Has the Wolfsburg venture been a financial success? Guessing Volkswagen's balance sheet has become a favorite parlor game of West German industrialists. Financial statements are not published, but a nominal asset value of DM 60 (\$15) millions is believed to have been put on the plant, with a four-percent dividend set aside annually for the hypothetical owners. Sales are thought to be running at more than DM 600 (\$150) millions a year, with probably ten percent being salted away for depreciation.

But Hitler's twenty-year-old political promise of transportation for his trusting followers today keeps the company in a state of permanent receivership. The *Deutsche Arbeitsfront* was dissolved in 1945 and its funds, held by the Bank of German Labor, confiscated by the Russians. The 300,000 prewar *Volkswagensparer* (and their heirs) promptly organized themselves into The Society for the Relief of Former Volkswagen Savers. They went to court on Dec. 1, 1952, to demand cars at production price, minus their initial investment. One judge ruled the claim legitimate, but VW appealed the decision and last December the West German high federal court threw out all claims against the company.

A Down Payment on Freedom

The courts will also have to rule whether the plant belongs to the Bonn Government (as the Nazi regime's heirs) or to the men who have built up the present factory. This legal dispute dates back to October 1949, when the British refused to decide the tricky problem and simply handed the Volkswagen plant to the federal German government for administration. Chancellor Adenauer delegated management authority to the state of Lower Saxony, where Wolfsburg is located and set up a nineteen member board of control which still runs the company.

Right after the war, Volkswagen's labor turnover was nearly a hundred percent. East Zone refugees, including priests, doctors and even one deposed state minister, streamed in just long enough to earn a down payment for their continued flight westward. Today only fifty-two employees qualify as *alte Hasen* (old hares), an affectionate term for those with the company more than ten years. The plant has never had a strike and did not participate in the recent German labor flareups, although Red propaganda is aimed at Wolfsburg in a constant effort to stir up trouble.

Monthly pay of assembly-line workers now averages DM 460 (\$115), five percent above the prevailing industrial wage. Nordhoff last year paid employees a four-percent wage bonus—one of Germany's first industrial profit-sharing plans.

Employees have a company-supplemented government pension scheme and many extras such as medical treatment, daily lunch at the 9,500-place factory banquet hall, a duck at Christmas, and a free two-week holiday at Volkswagen-owned resorts in the Harz Mountains and on the North

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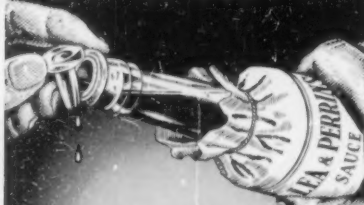
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An integral part of the Volkswagen setup is the town of Wolfsburg, built by Hitler as a dormitory for the works. At the war's end it looked like the Hollywood version of a derelict Texas ghost town. Now prosperous, Wolfsburg remains a town planner's nightmare.

There are streets without houses and homes checked over the roadless countryside. Only sidewalks of *Der Bummel*—the main street—were completed before the war. Wolfsburgers today take their Sunday strolls along *Der Bummel*, watching frogs playing in the surrounding muskeg, intended for their luxury stores and theatres. There's little incentive for private housing because, like the plant, Wolfsburg's ownership is in dispute and no land titles are permanent. The company has built four thousand employee apartments, two churches, a 540-bed hospital, a swimming pool, a sports stadium and a theatre. VW apartments rent for twenty dollars a month (two bedrooms); all dwelling blocks have communal reading, music and games rooms. Staff buildings and their furnishings suggest usefulness more than comfort.

Wolfsburg's main topic of conversation is the Volkswagen. It's a peppy little pup, surprisingly roomy and comfortable. With its thirty-horsepower air-cooled engine in the rear, the car weighs only 1,565 pounds, can hold four and does up to sixty-eight miles per hour at thirty-eight miles to the gallon.

"This car is not only a wonderfully efficient roadworthy little machine, but it is additionally entertaining to the motoring enthusiast because of its unique mechanical delights which he keeps discovering as he drives," U. S. auto expert Ralph Stein commented after a recent test drive. The London Economist declares: "The Volkswagen provides most satisfactory motoring."

The car's worst feature is its slow acceleration—zero to fifty miles per hour takes twenty-four seconds. Probably its chief selling point is the air-cooled engine, requiring no anti-freeze.

The 94½-inch wheel base leaves little extra room but there's a luggage compartment behind the back seat and storage space under the hood between the gas tank and the spare tire. A speedometer and five colored warning lights are the only dashboard instruments. The lights show when the ignition is on, whether the lights are bright and whether the turn indicators are in use.

The dying cough of the motor is the only indication there's no more gas in the tank, but there's a cut-in valve at toe level to switch the motor to a small emergency tank. For those who like tea while traveling, a new water-boiling gadget is available that fits on the engine's exhaust pan.

Though it was not designed for racing, the car keeps winning world speed tests. Last June a Volkswagen made a record crossing of Australia, covering the tough two thousand miles in just over thirty-eight hours. At the Coronation Safari in east Africa, fifty-one cars began the 8,000-kilometre desert course; only fourteen finished. Of the half-dozen VW starters, all finished to claim the first six prizes in their class.

In the Netherlands, farmers run their milking machines with VW engines. A Hamburg firm has started producing speedboats with the VW motor and a

French manufacturer is turning out a single-seat aircraft powered by VW engines. A Saskatchewan farmer has adapted the engine to run the vibrators of his harvester. In northern British Columbia, log-hauling winches are being operated with VW motors and an Ontario firm will soon start producing snowmobiles, using VW power units.

Most unforeseen has been the car's rising popularity with New York bank robbers. Their fondness for the Volkswagen arises from its ability to weave in and out of traffic where large police cars can't follow. Manhattan policemen now keep close tab on VWs parked outside banks with their motors running.

VW's dealer setup now numbers twenty-five hundred outlets in ninety-three countries, with exports accounting for forty percent of factory output. Assembly plants, turning out eighteen hundred cars a month, have been set up in Mexico, Brazil, Ireland, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

The Volkswagen now is not only the most popular vehicle in Germany but tops its class also in Belgium, the



MACLEAN'S

Netherlands, Luxembourg, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria, Portugal, Peru and Indonesia. Sales this year are being extended into Thailand, Kenya, Burma and the Belgian Congo. A Brussels department store made merchandising history last February by filling part of its street sales floor with a fleet of VWs. Customers drove out a hundred a week.

Selling this unorthodox vehicle is a sort of sport among dealers. A guidebook tells them exactly how to deal with forty-one types of potential customers, including bullies and absent-minded professors. Nordhoff has already given away thirty thousand of the gold-plated pocket watches he promises to any VW buyer who drives his car sixty-two thousand miles (a hundred thousand kilometres) without a major repair. A Toronto musician expects to get the first golden timepiece in Canada.

While demand for the twenty-year-old design shows no sign of slackening, the Volkswagen has not yet become a true people's car. In Germany it now costs the equivalent of ten months' work. Only one of twenty-three VW employees can afford to drive his own handiwork.

Will Nordhoff convert the 1934 design to a bigger, more powerful auto or will he slash overhead, throw out the few remaining extras and produce a real "car of the people" to make the Hitlerian dream come true?

It's rumored that a well-guarded concrete garage in Wolfsburg already holds the Volkswagen of tomorrow. But Nordhoff is impatiently blunt about the future. He says: "When the time comes for a new model we'll have one." ★

Flirtatious Phantom of Montreal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"A girl ran in front of me."
"Where's she gone, then? There's no girl. You want your head read, you're seeing things."

At that moment, looking back toward the intersection, Noel himself saw a figure speeding across the street, a slight figure in the palest grey or white. It was not a distinct person but rather an impression, very graceful and feminine. He ran to the corner but he could see nobody.

He had halted at the edge of an excavation. Now, glancing round it, he became aware of movement in a far corner. He jumped down and began to cross the muddy floor. He could not feel the wind down here but it was far more chilling than the street had been. Above him rose the brick side of an untouched house but the excavation itself was marked out with rough field stone, evidently the walls of a long-demolished building. He walked toward the corner with rising hesitation. The movement had frozen into what seemed a dense patch of mist, but when he was a dozen or so paces off it twisted back into a slender, feminine form and glided away, apparently into the wall. Noel understood that he had to do with a ghost.

HE WENT straight home to the family flat overlooking Parc Lafontaine. He found great comfort in the push of his fellow streetcar and bus travelers, their noise and liveliness. "Mon pauvre enfant," his mother said as he entered. "You look frozen through. I'll heat you some coffee. Or would you prefer a plate of soup?"

"Coffee will be fine, maman."

"Whatever have you been doing to get into a state like this?"

Mother and son were very close to each other. "I've been chasing a ghost."

"Noe!" For him to come home pale and soaked through, and then talk like that, it frightened her. He was not too strong, he could have a fever.

He smiled to reassure her. "For my editor."

"Oh, a newspaper stunt. Were you successful?"

"I think so."

"Une belle jeune fille, your ghost of course?"

"How did you guess, maman?"

"No newspaper would be interested in any other kind, would it?"

Noel was an imaginative young man; he read a lot and wrote verses, and he often wondered whether he were really suited to the brawling life of a daily paper. But he hoped one day to take over the page of art and literature. Possessing a keen sense of history, he saw nothing unusual in a Montreal ghost. Indeed, in the shelter of his own home, he came to find quite a fascination in it—or rather in her. He recalled the enchanting way she had glided across the street. She must find the Bleury-Dorchester intersection a depressing neighborhood to haunt.

Reporting on her, though, would be a problem. Georges Santerre was a down-to-earth man, devoted to facts, who had a strong taste for political insinuation but no patience with fantasy.

Yet he was sufficiently intrigued with the ghost, himself, to wish to know more about her. Who was she? What was the place she haunted?

He asked among his colleagues where he could find an expert on the old buildings of the city. "Try the Institut Généalogique de Montréal," an editorial writer said. "It's run by a wild

Irishman called O'Donovan, a Canadian by conversion."

The Institut was located in the dark grey part of the city near the docks, at the foot of a courtyard of wholesale furriers. Noel climbed a couple of flights of uncertain stairs and banged on what seemed the most likely door.

"Come in," came a roar from inside, and he walked into an office so lined with bookshelves that there was room as well for just one wide desk, two chairs and the floor space to take off one's coat. Behind the desk sat a vast grey-bearded man wearing a suit of glowing purple tweed. His nose was large and red, his eyes bright blue.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" The voice had a strong rhythm.

Noel had intended to say he was preparing a piece for the Saturday supplement on old demolished Dorchester Street but the room and the man persuaded him to tell the truth. O'Donovan listened in silence.

"It's years I've been waiting for Montreal to turn up a decent ghost," he said when Noel had finished. He took a map out of an ancient cabinet and spread it over the littered desk. "The intersection of Bleury and Dorchester, you say?" Together they traced the course of St. Peter Street, where it is now Bleury, out beyond the city walls into the meadows, copses and streams of the eighteenth century. "But, of course, the St. Eusèbe farmhouse. Torn down about 1870 if I remember right. A fine family once, the St. Eusèbe, but there's not one left alive today. And their women were noted for their beauty." He paused. "As residuary guardian of the family tree I feel a certain responsibility toward your phantom. Might we go and pay her a call?"

The rain had cleared. It was one of those rumor-of-spring days when the still unbudded trees are a golden glow, and warmth creeps back into the city walls. Steam was rising from the excavation as Noel and O'Donovan jumped in to examine it more closely.

They went to the corner where Noel had seen the figure disappear. "Very respectable folk they were, the St. Eusèbe," O'Donovan remarked. "Not the kind you'd expect to give rise to ghosts. Not like some families I could tell you of . . ." he broke off suddenly. "Look," he said. "This corner is right out of line. There's a sort of projection in the wall. Standing out a foot or more."

"It might be an old chimney. The fireplace or stove could have been about here."

"Possibly. But the stone doesn't seem as heavy as the rest of the wall."

"It's hollow though. You can see that where it's been chipped away at the top."

They stood back, studying the stone-work.

"I'd give a lot," O'Donovan said, "to tear some more down. We could do it easily with a pickaxe." They looked at each other. "There's a hardware down the street."

They returned with a pickaxe and set to work. Luckily there had been so much demolition in the neighborhood that even the small boys were no longer interested. In a quarter of an hour O'Donovan, a powerful axewielder, broke through the wall. Noel lit a match and peered inside.

He jerked his head back into the open suddenly. "I—I think there are some bones in there."

O'Donovan followed him and thrust his hand down, to lift out a skull, small, brown and round. "A woman, certainly a woman," he murmured, shaking his great head in sympathy. "A fine story for your paper," he added.

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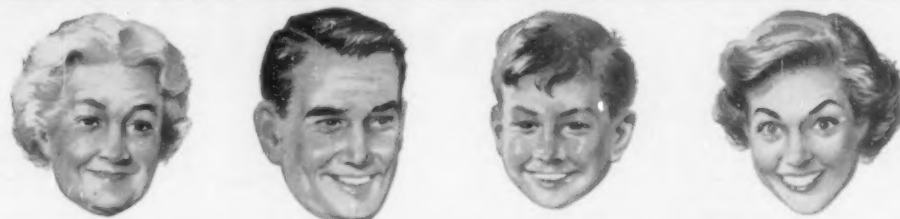
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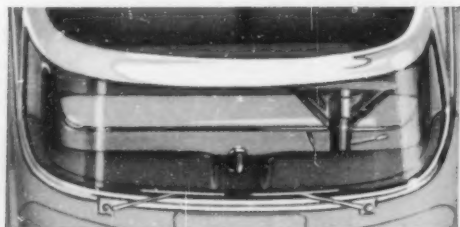
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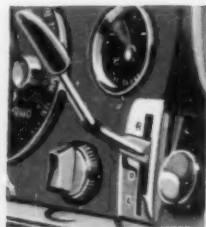
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therefore a story. But Noel thought of the crude way Georges Santerre would want it handled, and his sensitivity warred with his sense of career.

O'Donovan was watching him closely. "You don't want to abandon her to the public, do you?" he said. "You feel for the creature and her troubles?"

"I suppose that's it." "I can feel for her myself. The poor thing is in a pretty predicament, we should not throw her to the dogs of the press. Oh, my apologies for that expression."

"But we must do something. There are accidents all the time."

O'Donovan pondered the problem. "If these bones were taken away and given proper burial," he said at last, "it's likely all would be well. You agree?"

"That is the tradition."

"Then with your permission I shall arrange for that."

Noel nodded, adding after a minute, "But I would like to know who she is."

"I should myself," O'Donovan agreed. "My records ought to tell us."

They returned to the Institut Généalogique. O'Donovan collected a dozen volumes from the shelves, some in manuscript. "Pick yourself something to read while you're waiting. I've reminiscences to suit every palate." About an hour later he exclaimed, "That surely is the girl. Poor soul, poor soul."

"Who is she?" Noel asked abruptly. He felt deeply, personally concerned.

"Her name was Marie-Claire St. Eusèbe, the daughter of a certain Réal St. Eusèbe. Listen." O'Donovan pushed his chair back from the desk and the dust flew. "In 1775 our independence-minded friends to the south thought they would like to free Canada too, and General Montgomery, you w.i. recall, marched into Montreal. You'll likely be aware too that our good forefathers had mixed feelings about this event. Some welcomed the Americans as liberators but the majority preserved other views. It was just like any invasion, there were collaborators and a resistance. Réal St. Eusèbe remained loyal. We know that from the records. But one of his seven daughters, a diary of the time reports, was a collaborator. In fact Marie-Claire St. Eusèbe fell head over heels in love with a gallant Yankee captain."

"That sort of thing happens in wartime."

"I'm told that in Europe they shaved the girls' heads. My diary says that when the Americans withdrew in the spring of '76 Marie-Claire left with her lover and was never heard from again. But now it seems she didn't leave."

Noel eyed the skull on the ground beside him.

"Enclosing in a wall," O'Donovan said slowly, "was not unknown in the Middle Ages. They used it on nuns who had been unchaste. You can see where Réal, who was a stern man, got his inspiration."

"I imagine," Noel said, "that the demolition broke open the chamber and let her—Marie-Claire—out." Now that he could put a name to her he could almost distinguish her features. "She must be terrified by our hideous modern world—the street noises, the tearing automobiles. She runs from place to place seeking refuge, yet never daring to go far from her family home."

"I've seen an old print," O'Donovan said. "It was a lovely place with fruit trees and a stream alongside."

Noel returned to the excavation that night. In a few minutes Marie-Claire glided across the street to keep him company. She stayed by the wall, not too far from him; her presence drove from his mind many of the things he had meant to say to her. But he did

manage to assure her she would soon be granted the peace she sought, though he delicately refrained from explaining how. Meanwhile she should be more careful of the traffic. Then the one-sided conversation lapsed into an awkward but tender silence, and after a while he raised his hat and said he must be going home. When he was out on Bleury he looked back. Marie-Claire had moved to the spot against the stone where he had been standing.

The next day he spoke to his editor. "I can find no single cause for the accidents," he said. "Perhaps the traffic lights require adjustment. The City is looking into it. But mostly they seem to have been due to imagination and the way the moon shines through the half-demolished buildings. Anyway it's my impression the trouble is over."

Georges Santerre, who was concerned with a ministerial speech about double taxation, merely said, "That's a pity, Noel."

BUT WITHIN hours of O'Donovan calling to say that Marie-Claire St. Eusèbe had been finally laid to rest Noel was told abruptly to get back on the job. A young man in a sports car had run into an oil tanker right at the intersection, breaking his arm and suffering concussion.

O'Donovan understood immediately why their plan had failed. "It was a natural mistake," he said. "We believed her aim was to draw attention to her mortal remains. But the girl obviously has other things on her mind. She was robbed of so much in life."

"But she's terrified, too," Noel argued. "There's no doubt of that. Even if there's a compelling reason for what she's doing she can't enjoy it, not in the middle of this monstrous city. We've got to help her."

O'Donovan broke the long, thoughtful silence. "We know one thing about our Marie-Claire. She was a rather susceptible young woman."

"It would seem so."

"Well then, if the American captain could win her, Noel, why shouldn't you?"

"Me!"

"Just to persuade her to move to a pleasanter less dangerous place. You're not a bad-looking fellow and I'm sure she can sense your feeling for her."

Noel's desire to help Marie-Claire was very great. "But what place? She really needs a big country estate."

"Where do you live?"

"Near Parc Lafontaine, in an apartment with my mother."

"You would have room?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"It's a quiet neighborhood."

"We only have an apartment—with two window boxes."

"My friend, it's up to you. Certainly she would be happier with you and your good mother than she is at present. And I'm sure she's a gentle spirit, quite without malice."

Noel thought of the damp excavation, the bitter unfriendliness of the city at night. "Very well, I'll invite her."

O'Donovan advised hiring a carriage for the journey. Marie-Claire could scarcely be expected to make it on foot or by streetcar and she might well be frightened to enter a taxi. He had a friend who drove tourists round Mount Royal and would be delighted to assist.

The next night was misty, the moon was barely visible and the shadows lay thick round the farmhouse walls. The carriage was parked on a filled-in lot just behind the excavation and, while O'Donovan watched from a distance, Noel walked up to the edge of the stones. The traffic noises came to him



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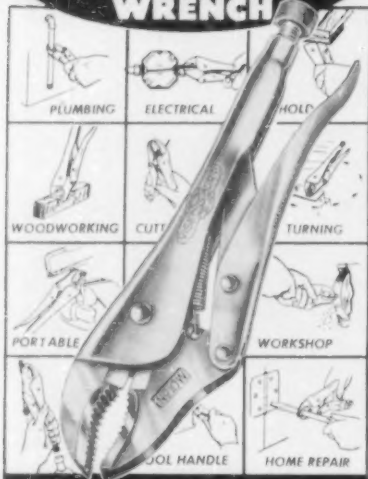


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muffled, as from a great distance.

"Marie - Claire, Marie - Claire," he called softly. "This is your friend Noel." He could discern no movement, no sign of her presence. He repeated his words, paused, and then just as he was about to call a third time the mist eddied in a far corner and the young and graceful form began to appear.

"Marie-Claire, things have not worked out the way we hoped. So I want you to leave here with me. The years have passed, your home has gone, you have no friends or family here any longer. You are in the middle of a big and ugly city, and it will destroy you. But I will take you to my own home. It's not in the country but it's peaceful and there's a park opposite where you can go for walks. You'll be much happier there, my dear."

The misty form began to move, as if with cautious steps, toward him, though still clinging to the wall. "The carriage is over here," he called and walked, just as slowly, across the vacant lot. At the carriage steps he paused and watched her rise above the excavation.

He stood, hand outstretched, and she glided by to settle into the corner. The scent of a rose garden on a summer evening swept through the carriage.

During the fifteen minutes of their journey Noel talked gently to Marie-Claire. He was much less shy of her now; he assured her that all was well and she had nothing to fear, that the apartment was comfortable and his mother a most kindhearted woman. Also, she would be free to come and go just as she wished.

When the carriage reached his home she followed him without hesitation. His mother called out, "You're home early, Noel."

"Yes, *maman*, it's a beastly night." He had decided to say nothing yet about Marie-Claire; he would let her get used to the girl's presence first. He was delighted next morning when she remarked, "What a heavenly scent there is in the apartment today. It's as if we were living in the heart of a rose garden."

He was always aware of Marie-Claire when she was near him even though it was difficult to see her in the well-lighted apartment. At night she would come into his room and he would chat for hours with her, whispering intimately, explaining the changes that 175 years had wrought in Montreal and the world. Talk about fashion and social life interested her; she seemed rather inattentive in the periods of political history. She could stay for hours listening to *chansons* and light music on the radio.

Since the Bleury-Dorchester accidents had stopped Georges Santerre gave up asking for a story on them, but one evening two cars smashed right opposite the apartment and Noel felt Marie-Claire come in a few moments later. That night he gave her a serious lecture on being a good pedestrian; she must always cross on the green light. And for three weeks everything went swimmingly.

THEN, as he came home to supper, Madame Castonguay, the woman who lived in the apartment opposite, remarked from her front door, "I saw your fiancée again last night, Monsieur Desforges. Such a lovely girl." She added with clear intention, "She visits you very late, doesn't she?"

"She's been staying with us for a few days," he managed. The spying interfering witch, he thought, she's bound to talk to mother. And the following evening Madame Desforges asked over the supper table, "What's this about your fiancée, Noel?"

He had his answer ready. "I've been



I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 7: The Pay-off

pulling our neighbor's leg a little."

"But she told me she's seen a girl enter our apartment several times in the past few weeks."

"She has an imagination."

"*Mais c'est drôle tout de même.* Also the janitor has commented on a girl he saw waiting by our door." Noel was silent. "*Mon enfant*," his mother went on, looking at him with practiced solicitude, "it has seemed to me too as if a girl were sometimes in the apartment. I've even thought I heard you speaking to her. And quite often that lovely scent of roses comes to me."

His conscience had troubled him about the secret he continued to keep. Now he had a good practical reason for speaking. "Her name is Marie-Claire, *maman*. You remember that wet night some weeks back when you were worried that I had caught a fever . . ."

After he had finished Madame Desforges said slowly, with consideration, "Noel, so far as I am concerned your spirit is welcome. She behaves elegantly and seems a sweet-tempered girl. There's no doubt young people were better brought up in the old days. But if we have trouble with the neighbors, gossiping and so on, it may become difficult."

It was the following week that Monsieur Lecours, the gay middle-aged bachelor who lived upstairs, hailed Noel at the bus stop and said with a magnificent wink, "That's some girl, Noel, *ta petite amie*. So graceful, so well made. I didn't believe you had it in you." The wink was repeated. "But I bet you have to keep your eye on her."

And Madame Castonguay was still on the watch; the front door so often ajar told him that. Noel came sadly to admit to his mother that she had been right; they could not give Marie-Claire a permanent home.

"But I can't think of anyone with a place in the country who would welcome her," he said. "Can you imagine her being received by our cousins near Joliette?"

"No, they are not the type. But there must be people, Noel, who would be delighted to acquire a family ghost. People who might perhaps be considered *nouveaux riches* but with good hearts."

"And how do I find them?"

"Write an article in your paper."

"But . . ."

"You do not need to give names and addresses. Just tell the story and ask if someone has a home for her."

He consulted O'Donovan who agreed it was the only solution, and he wrote the article. He was apprehensive about Georges Santerre's reaction but the editor just remarked, "You must have enjoyed yourself, Noel, writing this. We'll try to find room in the Saturday supplement."

He passed a nervous week end awaiting the invitations. But there was no message of any kind for him at the paper on Monday morning, nor was there any letter in the mail referring to Marie-Claire. Montreal readers, it seemed, were unable to believe in ghosts. Then, just before lunch, he was called to the phone.

"Is that Monsieur Noel Desforges, the writer of the story about a ghost?"

"Yes, madame."

"This is the mayor's secretary. His Worship would like you to come round to his office."

"The mayor of Montreal?"

"Yes, monsieur."

THE IMPOSING mayor, seated at this imposing desk, held out his hand. "Thank you for coming, Monsieur Desforges." His smile was encouraging. "The questions I am going to ask you, please be quite candid in your answers to them. Your Marie-Claire is real, is she not?"

"She is real, Monsieur le Maire."

"And she is a Montreal girl?"

"Her name is Marie-Claire St. Eusèbe. The house I wrote of is at the intersection of Dorchester and Bleury."

"Which the City demolished. That would seem to give us a certain

responsibility. And, tell me, what is the position taken by her family?"

"There are no St. Eusèbe alive in the province, Monsieur le Maire."

"Has she been offered a home yet?"

"No, not yet."
"C'est très bien." The mayor, having conducted his essential questioning, allowed himself to relax. "Let me tell you, young man, that I have been most interested by your story. I could regret the paper it appeared in, for your editor is not one of my better friends. But we must not let politics influence us where the welfare of our city and our people is concerned. Must we?"

Noel saw an answer was expected. "No, Monsieur le Maire."

"Of course you agree. And I'm glad I chose to go directly to you, the author, rather than approach your superiors."

In the following silence Noel asked, "How can I be of assistance?"

The mayor seemed genuinely surprised. "Why, surely it is clear to you that this young lady you have befriended belongs to the City of Montreal?" He gauged Noel's uncertainty. "There's no doubt about it. And we cannot have some outsider take her away from us, even another Yankee invader. To let that occur would be a gross betrayal of my office." The mayor allowed his attitude to sink in. Then he sat forward in his chair, resuming his more businesslike approach. "Monsieur Desforges, I have an offer to make to Mademoiselle St. Eusèbe on behalf of the City of Montreal. I should be grateful if you would consider it in her name. The City is prepared to provide her with a permanent home, furnished and maintained by the Public Works Department."

"Where would it be, Monsieur le Maire?"

"A stone cottage on top of Mount Royal. A charming spot. The old keeper and his wife who live there have assured me they have no objection to receiving an additional member of the household. Provided she does not upset the horses of the Sunday riders I'm sure it will prove most suitable."

"You are most generous, Monsieur le Maire," Noel's conscience made him continue. "But there is one problem. The City of Montreal, I imagine, would like it to be known publicly that a municipal ghost has been acquired. Marie-Claire is a gentle sensitive girl. I have done my best to shield her from publicity."

The mayor chortled with hearty reassurance. "You need have no fear, *mon ami*. We will not even hold a formal ceremony of welcome. I shall go myself to greet the young lady; I consider it my duty. But there will be no councilors, no speeches, no statements to the press."

"Well, in that case . . ."
"But I will make one reservation. Once Mademoiselle St. Eusèbe feels at

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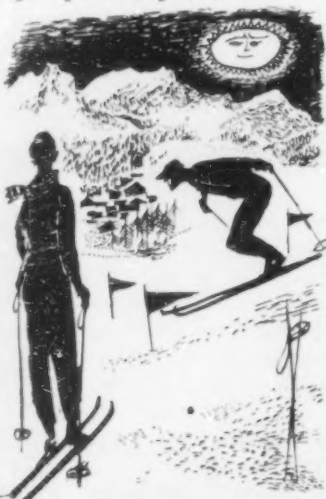
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home, I should like to have the right
to bring an occasional visitor, only
someone of the highest importance, you
understand. There are cabinet minis-
ters from overseas, or members of
royalty, for whom it is sometimes hard
to arrange an attractive program."

It seemed to Noel a reasonable
enough request. "Monsieur le Maire,
I am sure that I can accept your
offer with gratitude on Marie-Claire's
behalf."

HHE ARRANGED for O'Donovan's
friend to drive them. As the
carriage clip-clopped west along Sher-
brooke Street he told Marie-Claire that
he was bringing her to a delightful new
home on top of Mount Royal where
a kindly hospitable old couple would
look after her. "I hate to have you
leave us," he said, "but there are too
many complications. And you will find
this much more peaceful." He could
sense the sadness his words aroused in
her. "I'll come and see you often,"
he assured her. Still there was no
lightening of her mood. "Ma chérie,"
he said finally, "if you don't like it
I—I'll take you back home. I promise."
He was aware then of movement on
the seat beside him, the lifting of her
bowed head.

It was a beautiful stone-fronted
cottage. The crocuses were banked
on each side of the door. "You'll be
happy here, Marie-Claire," he said. "I
know you will be."

A tall white-haired man answered
his ring.

"I've brought the young lady," Noel
said.

"Monsieur le Maire is waiting for
her inside."

Noel gestured to Marie-Claire but
she did not move. "I—she is not
certain she wishes to stay."

"I will speak to the mayor. I'm sure
he can convince her."

The keeper went indoors and re-
turned with the mayor, who stood on
the porch and called out in his fine
full voice, "Welcome, mademoiselle,
on behalf of the City of Montreal. You
will do us a great honor if you accept
our hospitality."

There was no movement from the
carriage.

"I think she is afraid of being lonely,"
Noel murmured.

"She shouldn't be," the keeper said.
"There's my wife and myself—and
Jean-Louis."

"Who is Jean-Louis?"

"My son. A sergeant in the Fusiliers,
just back from Korea."

"Is he home now?"

"Oh yes. He is watching the hockey
on television."

"A good fast game," the mayor
commented. "Our Rocket has scored
twice."

Noel found his next few words very
painful. "Would you ask your son to
come to the door."

Jean-Louis was as tall as his father,
with black hair, a curling moustache
and military features. Noel called out,
"Please, Marie-Claire, won't you just
come and look at the house."

The slight girlish form slipped down
from the carriage and glided toward
them, through the open door. Noel
alone remained outside. After a while
the mayor came out onto the porch.
"Thank you, Monsieur Desforges," he
said. "The City of Montreal is pro-
foundly grateful."

"She is staying?"

"She is watching television with that
fine-looking sergeant."

The scent of roses drifted faintly
through the open door. "I'll be going
then," Noel said, holding tight the
jealousy that was rising within him.
For her sake he must be happy it had
all turned out so well. ★

How to Avoid a Third World War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

as was said above, some of the assump-
tions habitually made by military men,
but I do not think it can be taken by
any means as certain that these as-
sumptions will be borne out by the
event. If a war begins, as it well may,
by the destruction of great cities, the
total disruption of communications and
the setting ablaze of oil fields, it may
lead to large armies being left without
food, and therefore driven to pillage.
And this process might easily end in
complete anarchy.

In regions and countries that had
lived on imported food, a large pro-
portion of the population would die of
starvation, while food-producing re-
gions would have to share their crops
with marauding soldiery. This would
produce a situation like that when the
Roman Empire broke up. Great states
would melt away, and little local units
would take their place. The leaders of

Down Under

The snowplows cleared our street
today.

Efficiently they pushed away
The snow and piled it by the curb
With speed that no one dared disturb.
Their path is very plainly marked
By where our buried car is parked.

BETTY ISLER

robber bands would establish them-
selves as local despots and supply their
bodyguards with adequate food in
return for protection against popular
fury.

Such fighting as would continue
would no longer be the grand organized
warfare depending upon atom bombs,
airplanes and oil, but a much more old-
fashioned and primitive kind, such as
could survive the destruction of all
centres of industry. Out of such
universal anarchy, mankind would
probably climb in the course of a thou-
sand years to a renewal of what is
called "civilization," which would
enable them, if they had learnt nothing
meanwhile, to repeat the whole useless
process once more.

This forecast, however, like our
earlier ones, perhaps errs on the side of
optimism. We must not forget the
possibility that scientific warfare, before
it brings itself to an end, may exter-
minate the human race. With every year
that the third world war is postponed,
this consummation becomes more prob-
able. Shall we, on this ground, hope to
see the third world war break out as
soon as possible? Such a hope would be
rational if we felt obliged to despair of
the possibility of a modicum of self-
preservative wisdom in the politicians
who direct our destinies and the fanat-
ical public that supports them.

I, for my part, have not yet reached
this depth of despair. I still think that,
if war can be averted long enough to
give time for the dangers to be widely
apprehended, constructive statesman-
ship may lead the way to the total
prevention of large-scale wars. The
measures required will be drastic, and
will run counter to powerful prejudices,
but perhaps the danger will neverthe-
less force their adoption.

Those who place the future of man-
kind above the game of momentary
power politics must hope that, before
an explosion occurs, both sides in the
present conflict of East and West will
realize its futility and will become

willing to give and accept convincing
assurances of their mutual determina-
tion to preserve peace.

What could be the first steps in such
a process? East and West alike are
governed at the moment by fanatics
so obsessed by one another's wicked-
ness as to imagine that each other's
destruction would bring the millen-
nium. The Soviet government accepts
an ideology according to which hate
has always been and still is the moving
force in human affairs. It believes with
the superstitious fervency of un-
questioned dogma that an internecine
struggle between capitalism and com-
munism has been decreed by the
blind forces of economic determinism,
and that this struggle, when it comes,
must end, as the Marxist scriptures
foretell, in the world-wide victory of
communism. All this of course is a
myth which cannot be accepted by any-
one capable of rational thought.

But how is this fanaticism to be
prevented from doing its evil work?
There is a view, which appears at the
moment to be getting an increasing
hold upon public opinion in the United
States, that fanaticism can be com-
bated only by fanaticism, that the way
to combat communism is to proclaim
the wickedness of Communists, to
spread terror of their machinations,
and to do everything possible to pre-
vent knowledge and understanding of
their outlook.

This is not what statesmanship de-
mands. If, as we have been arguing, the
solution of the world's troubles is not to
be found in war, it must be found in
conciliation and in a gradual diminution
of mutual hate and fear. The
difficulty of inaugurating a conciliatory
policy arises through the belief on both
sides that safety is only to be found in
armaments.

The population of Russia has to be
content with poor food and clothing,
inadequate housing and general hard-
ship, while energy and skill are lavished
upon preparations for war. In the
United States, Congress has to be per-
suaded that this is not the moment for
lowering the income tax, and it can be
persuaded of this only by a vast cam-
paign painting the Soviet menace in
the blackest possible colors.

One of the things that make this
situation so apparently hopeless is that
it has on both sides a certain low-level
rationality. Each side believes that
the other will attack if it has a good
hope of victory. Each side is therefore
persuaded that its armaments must be
strong enough to deter the other side
from attack. When either side in-
creases its armaments, the other side's
fears are increased, and therefore the
other side's armaments are still further
increased.

Neither side dares to start the con-
ciliatory movement or to emphasize the
evils to all mankind that would result
from war, for, if it does so, the other
side, it is thought, will take such action
as a proof of fear and will therefore be
encouraged in bellicosity. The situation
is exactly like that which used to arise
in the days of dueling, when two men,
neither of whom wished to kill or be
killed, were driven on by the fear of
being thought cowardly. Private
dueling has died out, but the interna-
tional duel remains, with exactly
the same absurd psychology.

What can be done to lessen mutual
suspicion? For the reasons we have just
been considering, it is difficult for
either the Communist or the anti-
Communist bloc to take the first step.
The first step must, I think, be taken
by neutral powers. They have two
advantages: one of these is that they
cannot be accused of cowardice; the
other, which is even more important,
is that they can speak to governments

High School Graduates!

A circular collage of line drawings depicting various high school activities. The top left shows a student in a lab coat working with a Bunsen burner and test tubes. The top center shows two students playing hockey. The top right shows a student sitting at a desk, possibly in a library or study hall, with bookshelves in the background. The middle left shows a teacher standing at a blackboard, addressing a class of students. The middle right shows a student operating a camera on a tripod. The bottom left shows three students gathered around a table, looking at a model or project. The bottom right shows a student working on a project, possibly a science experiment, with a model of a molecule or structure.

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The Registrar, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, Saint-Jean, P.Q.

DOES SCIENCE PROVE THE BIBLE WRONG?

Some people are convinced that it does.

They read in the Bible, for example, that the stars are fixed in the "roof" of the world like luminous ornaments, which is the way they appeared to the unscientific eyes of the authors of Genesis. Later scientific knowledge proves that the stars are incandescent bodies moving in space.

Although willing to acknowledge that God created the universe, these scientific-minded folks refuse to believe the Biblical account in which apparently it all took place in six days. Also, they contend that the scientific evidences of evolution appear to contradict the Bible in this instance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, there can be no real conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. From the time of Moses down to the present day, science has opened the doors to many of the earth's physical secrets—including in our own time, the fantastic secret of atomic energy. There will undoubtedly occur, in the unforeseeable future, even more revolutionary discoveries. But the fact remains that science has yet to produce any evidence that discredits the basic truths of Holy Scripture.

The Bible, to begin with, is a book of religion—not a scientific textbook. The Book of Genesis should be regarded therefore, not as a scientific explanation of the heavens and the earth, but as an exposition of certain divine truths. These include such matters as the creation of all things... the creation of man as the object of God's special providence... the unity of the human race... the loss of man's original state of blessedness through original sin... God's promise and plan of redemption.



In writing of these things, the authors of the Old Testament were divinely protected against error. God did not, however, stand over them and dictate what they wrote. Their writings, therefore, while recording basic truths, are clothed in language forms common to their primitive time, and are influenced by cultural and scientific concepts far less enlightened than our own.

A correct appraisal of the Book of Genesis, and the history of Creation, requires an understanding of the meanings which the Old Testament authors intended to convey, and an appreciation of the language forms, philosophy and mores of their times. An interesting pamphlet explaining these things, and detailing the doctrine of the age-old Catholic Church concerning Creation, will be sent free, in a plain wrapper, on your request. Nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. MM-48.

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"Certain kinds of liberty are no longer possible in a small overcrowded planet"

without being suspected of hostility. In Western countries, public opinion is still a force. But to have any influence upon Russia, it is necessary to be able to persuade the Russian government—and only governments can hope to do this with any effect.

I should like to see the government of India appoint a commission, consisting solely of Indians, who should be eminent politicians, economists, scientists or military men, the purpose of the commission being to investigate in a wholly neutral spirit the evils to be expected if the cold war became hot, evils not by any means confined to the belligerents but afflicting neutrals also, though probably to a lesser degree. I should wish the government of India to present this report to the governments of all the great powers, and to invite them to express either agreement or disagreement with its forecasts.

I think that, if the work of the commission were adequately performed, disagreement would be very difficult. It might in this way become possible to persuade governments on both sides that neither side could hope to gain by aggression. The arguments of self-interest are so obvious, so conclusive and so overwhelming that, if they were forcibly presented by a power standing outside the conflict, they ought after a period of consideration to produce their effect both in the East and in the West.

Remove Causes of Tension

If once it were agreed and acknowledged on both sides that war is not the solution, negotiations would soon become possible and the tension would rapidly grow less. The first step would be to diminish the asperities of official propaganda and restore traditional courtesies in diplomatic intercourse. The next step would be a congress to consider all the points in dispute, and to seek such solutions as should give stability rather than such as involved diplomatic victory for this side or that.

To anyone not blinded by partisan feeling, it must be obvious that the world cannot settle down while Germany remains divided and while recognition is refused to the *de facto* government of China. The problem of Germany can be solved only by Russian concessions, and the problem of China can be solved only by U. S. concessions. If each side were genuinely actuated by the wish to diminish the risk of war, such mutual concessions would no longer be so difficult as they are at present. And I think that in bringing about the necessary state of mind on both sides, neutral powers can play a beneficent and decisive part.

If the immediate causes of tension were removed, whether by the above method or by any other, it would be possible to begin a movement towards the solution of long-range problems. Of these, the first to be tackled would probably have to be the internationalizing of the control of atomic energy. The United States made a wholly praiseworthy endeavor in this direction at the end of the Second World War, but Russian suspicions made the endeavor abortive. Since that time Russian suspicions have not grown less, and U. S. suspicions have hardened. We must hope for a reversal of this process, and I think that a reversal has become more possible since both sides have possessed atom and hydrogen bombs.

It will not be easy to induce either

Russia or the United States to surrender absolute national independence, but until this is done the world will not be safe. I think the best that can be hoped for is a *détente* during which the fear of war is not imminent, and a gradual growth, while the *détente* lasts, of a realization that certain kinds of liberty, which have seemed very precious, are no longer possible in a planet that technique has made small and overcrowded.

Everybody accustomed to urban life accepts as a matter of course various limitations on liberty that are not necessary in a sparsely populated countryside. The moment a crowd congregates anywhere in a town, the police say, "Pass along, please," and nobody is indignant. The anarchic liberty enjoyed hitherto by nations is just as impossible in the modern world as would be anarchic liberty for either pedestrians or motorists in the streets of London or New York.

But if any kind of international government is to become possible, there must be a diminution of fanaticism. There must be a habit of viewing communities scientifically rather than passionately. It is not by savage detestation of undesirable conduct that it is brought to an end. In the eighteenth century in England thieves were hanged, and there was a great deal more thieving than there is now. If Russian fanaticism is to grow less, it will not be because U. S. fanaticism has grown greater. On the contrary, U. S. fanaticism is a product of Russian fanaticism, and its only probable effect is a reverberation that still further increases the Russian fanaticism that caused it.

If the world is to be unified, as it must be if it is to survive, it can only be by a spread of the scientific spirit. I mean by this, not technical cleverness, but the habit of judging by evidence and suspending judgment where evidence is lacking. Science, both for good and evil, is what is distinctive of our time. Fanaticisms, whether Hindu or Moslem or Catholic or Communist, are a legacy of the Middle Ages. One of the first things that would have to be done during a period of *détente* would be a cessation everywhere of governmental encouragement to fanatical blindness and the hatred it generates.

There are some things that all human beings have in common. One of these—perhaps the most important—is the capacity for suffering. We have it in our power to diminish immeasurably the sum of suffering and misery in the world, but we shall not succeed in this while we allow opposite irrational beliefs to divide the human race into mutually hostile groups. A wise humanity, in politics as elsewhere, comes only of remembering that even the largest groups are composed of individuals, that individuals can be happy or sad, and that every individual in the world who is suffering represents a failure of human wisdom and of common humanity.

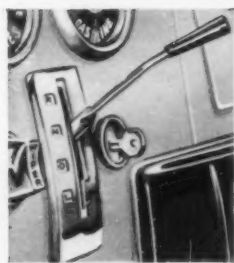
The aims of statesmanship should not be abstract. They should be as concrete as the affection of parents for young children. The world needs wisdom and human warmth in equal measure. Both are lacking at the moment, but not, one may hope, forever. ★

Lord Russell's article will be included in his new book, *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*, to be published later by Simon and Schuster, New York.

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every inch and every
exciting line of it!



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Modern as tomorrow is Plymouth's New Horizon windshield—successor to the early wrap-arounds. Its glass curves around at both bottom and top to give added visibility at eye level.

Plymouth for '55 has captured the verve and vigour of youth in its new *motion-design*—the styling that imparts The Forward Look of movement, even when the car is parked. More than ten inches longer, wider than it is high, and rakishly angled fore and aft, the new Plymouth silhouette has the taut look of an arrow ready to leave the bow!

The all-new Plymouth has more power for '55 in great new V-8 or 6-cylinder engines. There's more comfort, more colour, more style in its beautiful new interiors. For more value in *every* way, see this great new car now at your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer's.

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NEW MOTION-DESIGN GIVES PLYMOUTH THE FORWARD LOOK FOR 1955

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

who played the piano with increasing promise.

Fortunately for everyone some kindly folk in Toronto took up a fund to send Muriel Lillie to England to study to become a concert pianist. It was with the feeling of a patron of the arts that I contributed one dollar to the fund. So Mrs. Lillie, who had become a widow, sailed for the country of

her birth with her two Torontonians daughters.

The 1914 war was still lurking in the wings and London was the hub of the universe. Dukes were dukes then, people dressed to the gills to go to the theatre. Sir Thomas Beecham was in his glory as director of Opera, duly financed by his revenue from Beecham's Pills.

But alas! Mrs. Lillie had no such endowment, and piano recitalists were ten for a penny. The financial situation became serious—so serious that early in 1914 Beatrice bluffed the manage-

ment of a provincial (vaudeville) hall to give her a week's engagement.

She sang a serious number and the audience laughed. She sang a funny number and the audience groaned. Piqued and defiant Beatrice looked at them as if she were Madame Melba and the Duchess of Westshire in one.

"I will now sing for your possible approval Irving Berlin's song, When I lost you." At the end of it they gave her what is known in England as "the bird." Her flop was complete.

But in this heartbreak experience she discovered something about her-

self. When she turned on the audience with lofty contempt they were startled and momentarily quiet. What about laughing at the audience in the future? What about making them the joke?

About that time a remarkable Anglo-Frenchman named André Charlot was producing something new at the Vaudeville Theatre in London. So long had London worshipped at the shrine of The Merry Widow, The Gaiety Girl and Gilbert and Sullivan that it was ready for a change. The war had started and the tempo of life, as well as death, had quickened.

Beatrice got an audition, and André Charlot watched her from the dark empty auditorium.

Here on the stage was something he had never seen before. This girl from some place called Toronto was neither pretty—in the ordinary sense—nor gifted. Her singing voice was harmless and unimportant. Her dancing would not get her into the back row of the chorus.

Yet she had something. What was it? Suddenly he saw it. Here before him was the very goddess of indomitable ineffectuality. Dancers were a dozen for a pound, singers could be found in any corner of Britain, and almost any female could act up to a point. This girl was different.

With a flash of genius Charlot saw that Beatrice Lillie had the potentialities of a female Charlie Chaplin. But he was only partly right. Chaplin made himself a figure of pathos as well as of fun. Whereas there was no pathos in the girl he was looking at. She was indomitable.

Her Wiggle Was a Wag

When I reached London in the war Beatrice had her name in lights and I was lucky to get even a single seat for the Charlot revue "cheap." There on the stage was Bea (as she was known by that time) doing a dance with six chorus girls.

The others were perfect in every movement, but somehow Bea was just wrong—though not completely. When it came to a high kick she went at it with a joyous smile and then stopped to examine her fingernails instead. When the other girls wiggled their hips Bea's hips were also wiggling but in the wrong direction. When her companions did a curtsy Bea tripped but invariably recovered herself and pretended that nothing had happened.

Later she sang a grand-opera aria and not too badly. As she came to the point where she had to sail up to B-flat she adjusted her make-up instead as though just remembering it.

And to give her credit she could do a sentimental "Good-by boys" song with a skill that made laughter and tears close companions. But her basic appeal remained unchanged—the appeal of indomitable ineffectuality.

In the 1920s she crossed to New York but at first failed to reproduce her London success. I do not mean that she was a complete flop, but the Americans, being a younger race than the British, still had the feeling that the star of a show ought to be able to do something. They failed to realize that this English girl from Toronto possessed talent in reverse.

But Beatrice had entered upon another career, that of marriage. There was still in existence the English tradition that the livelier members of the peerage married into the theatre. So one day we learned that Beatrice had wedded young Sir Robert Peel descended from the great nineteenth-century statesman. He was a baronet by succession.

Fourteen years later Sir Robert died. There was one son to the marriage,



"Thanks for the Red Carpet" said Goldie

"BUT I KNOW it's not for me; it's for what I represent," said the friendly lion modestly. "After all, I'm just a symbol for an ale that's already been welcomed everywhere!"

"You mean Molson's Golden Ale?" said the chief greeter.

"Naturally," agreed Goldie. "That's what has made me a welcome guest wherever a lighter, smoother, dryer ale is preferred."

There's another reason, too. Modern-minded Canadians called for an ale that would be less filling. That's why 169 years of brewing skill have produced a brew that is "light as a feather"—yet retains all the zest and authority of a true ale.

Like it light? You'll choose Molson's Golden! Flavour conscious? Let the Molson Golden Ale lion be your guide!



Molson's GOLDEN ALE

a small boy named Sir Robert Peel, for of course they kept alive the name of the great ancestor.

Beatrice did a tour in the U. S. as Lady Peel; in a Middle West theatre the audience stood up out of politeness when she came on the stage. Later in the program when she did a song of lament about an impoverished English lady, intended to be very funny, the kindly audience was embarrassed.

Then came World War II and such is the long arm of coincidence that the widowed Beatrice took the house next to mine in St. John's Wood. Where once I gazed at her from the box in Nordheimer's Piano and Music Store I could now see her occasionally from my garden.

But fate is a relentless thing. Her youthful son was in the Navy when the Hitler war began and was posted to HMS Hood. You will remember when the German battleship Bismarck made her deadly raid into the North Atlantic. HMS Hood was sent to hunt her down, and by one chance in a thousand at a distance of miles the Bismarck hit the Hood in a vulnerable spot. Something like 1,200 men went to their death, and among them was Beatrice's son.

After the war I called to see her in the flat she had taken in New York. She had studied painting and the walls were festooned with her canvases. Yet strangely enough she was utterly conventional in her choice of subjects. The rebel in her did not extend to canvas.

She is a star that reigns alone in her particular heaven. Her earnings are enormous but when the tax authorities of Britain and the U. S. take their toll I imagine that she has little enough to carry to reserve. If she owned a biscuit factory in either country she could sell it at a profit which would not be taxed. But having only her peculiar gifts to sell she must pay ruthlessly to the tax gatherer.

★ ★ ★

We have just come home from Beatrice's opening night which I mentioned a few hundred words ago. What a performance! Her supporting cast was weak and the whole responsibility fell on her shoulders. She is too good a trouper not to have known that her colleagues were not up to their task. She heard the tepid applause which is almost worse than silence or booing. But in the second half she wound up the show with some twelve songs that brought the London first nighters to their feet.

She can ridicule without hurting, she can satirize without a sting, she can mock a sentimental song yet touch your heart, she can romanticize without being maudlin, she can destroy a tradition and yet make you love the very thing she destroys.

The records show that she is fifty-six years old. She is not and never was beautiful. She cannot dance and never could. If she acted a serious role in a play the audience would roar with laughter, but in a sketch or a song she can summon your tears with a gossamer touch. And although she has only a little voice she does not hesitate to sing twelve songs in succession with the audience shouting for more.

Well that is my story. Lady Peel is still with us in London although she does not intend to make it an unlimited run. I do not know where her sister is but I am certain that she plays the piano quite well enough to justify the dollar I invested in her career.

The moral of the tale is obvious. If you have a daughter who can do absolutely nothing be not discouraged. Some day the world may acclaim her as the queen of ineffectuality—but not until Bea Lillie has abdicated. ★

The Big Battle of the Big Stores

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Simpson's at the time of the Sears Roebuck merger was doing around two hundred millions worth of business a year. With seven new Simpsons-Sears stores opened in 1954 and the mail order offering a much wider range of merchandise, Simpson's and Simpsons-Sears between them last year probably

hit two hundred and fifty millions.

"They are closing the gap," said Ed Nelson, secretary of the Canadian Retail Federation, "but Eaton's still has a comfortable lead."

Edgar Burton, president of both Simpson's and Simpsons-Sears, has predicted that the chain of new Simpsons-Sears stores will be doing another hundred millions worth of retail business a year within ten years.

The merchandising war got under way in August 1952 within a few days after the Simpson's and Sears tie-up was announced, five months before it

was actually to take effect. And the opening round was over credit terms. Simpson's Toronto store pulled a surprise out of the Sears Roebuck bag of tricks and on a wide range of items cut the required down payment to a straight ten dollars instead of the customary ten percent. The offer was for August only, it advertised, and applied to many high-priced articles like furniture, cameras, rugs, radios, TV sets, electrical appliances, boats and motors—two and three-hundred-dollar items on which down payments had been twenty and thirty dollars. This



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Crisp, crackling, tangy B.C. Apples are a good dietary source of Vitamin C. They supply useful quantities of minerals . . . protopectins (as many as any fruit) to help tone the digestive system and help your body get more benefit from important minerals and vitamins . . . roughage so urgently needed in today's soft-food diets.

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NATURE'S "FOOD PACKAGE"

One medium B.C. Apple* gives you these essentials you need every day . . .

Calories	87
protein	.45 gms.
fat	.6 "
carbohydrates	22.35 "
Vitamin C	7.5 mgs.

plus varying trace amounts of Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron, Vitamin A, Thiamine, Riboflavin, Niacin, Pyridoxine, Sodium, Magnesium, Potassium, Sulphur, Chlorine.

*about 150 gms.





"Hurry Mama!"

"Just a minute." That's all the time it takes to sprinkle Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl. In a short while, the bowl is disinfected and cleaned thoroughly. Sani-Flush removes the invisible film found in all toilet bowls. Simply follow directions on the familiar yellow can. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



PERFUMED with a
mild, fresh fragrance



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

gimmick—"a ten-dollar bill gets you anything in the store"—was a trick Sears Roebuck had been using effectively in the U. S. for years. It also indicated that Sears Roebuck ideas and methods as well as Sears Roebuck dollars were going to invade Canada.

To experienced retailers, this Simpson's move had two significant implications: 1 It was aimed straight at Eaton's because it covered only "hard lines" (furniture, appliances etc.) which were an Eaton's specialty but in which Simpson's had not previously been strongly interested; 2 It meant that Simpson's planned a real fight, because competing in the credit field is costly and hazardous. Credit sales tie up money in partly paid goods and increase the cost of doing business. "When stores start trying to outdo each other on easy-credit terms," another Toronto merchant said, "it is almost certainly a sign they are squaring off for a long hard fight."

Eaton's reply to the Simpson's offer came the very next day when the company advertised a no-down-payment plan for the duration of its August sale.

Then in January 1953, when the first big Simpsons-Sears catalogue appeared, it was accompanied by another coup in credit selling. The catalogue announced that on a wide range of home appliances priced at two hundred dollars and more a down payment of only ten dollars would be required—instead of the customary ten percent. Appliances priced below two hundred dollars could be bought for only five dollars down.

This time Eaton's didn't nibble at the bait. It left this line of credit to Simpson's and continued to demand ten percent down on all credit purchases.

In addition to competing for customers with easy credit, the two firms are now engaged in a store and warehouse-building race to accommodate the customers they now serve or expect to get. Between them they have spent in the past couple of years or will spend soon about seventy-five million dollars on new buildings.

Simpsons-Sears has the larger program underway. Its first plans two years ago called for fifteen new department stores across Canada—to be built over five years at a cost of fifty millions. Seven of the new stores are already up and doing business in Vancouver, Nanaimo, Peterborough, Sarnia, Hamilton, Moose Jaw and Guelph. Three others, at Port Arthur, Saint John and Ottawa, are being built and at least three more are planned (Winnipeg, Edmonton and Calgary). Five of the seven new stores now operating come in direct competition with Eaton's in cities where Eaton's was already firmly established.

The first project announced by Simpsons-Sears was the sprawling, modernistic Sears-type store in Burnaby, B.C.—to serve Vancouver. Like most Simpsons-Sears stores, it is in a suburb with plenty of space around for car parking. The Burnaby store sits on sixteen acres and handles a thousand cars which many consider a big advantage over shopping in traffic-choked downtown Vancouver.

The Burnaby store foundations were just nicely dug when Eaton's began building a five-story \$600,000 parking garage next to its downtown Vancouver store.

Meanwhile the Robert Simpson Company was setting a trend in Toronto for big-city retailing. Instead of storing heavy furniture and appliances in downtown warehouses close to its store, where property costs are extremely high, it built a warehouse on a northern outskirt where land values

VIPs In Verse:

No. 9

KATE AITKEN



She proves that a woman of dazzling acumen,
Whose energy's slightly above superhuman,
Endowed with an insight of diamond acuteness,
Unflagging persistence, incisive astuteness,
An outlook unchangeably cheerful and bright
Can successfully sell even sweetness and light.

P. J. BLACKWELL

and taxes are lower. Thus the costly downtown space was released for displaying goods instead of storing them.

Three months after Simpson's completed this streamlining in the spring of 1954 Eaton's announced it had awarded a contract for a nine-million-dollar storage and service building just northeast of Toronto.

But the majority of building projects are stores, not warehouses, and Simpsons-Sears has pioneered a new department-store trend for Canada—locating stores on suburban wasteland far from downtown areas. Morgan Reid, a young Simpsons-Sears executive who has played an important role in planning the expansion of the new Canadian firm, said: "People are moving into the suburbs, so we are moving out there after them. The automobile has become the biggest factor molding shopping habits and the modern store must make adequate provision for automobile parking."

Like Cattle in an Elevator

There is more to building in the suburbs than parking however. Property values are lower and, perhaps most important, it permits outward instead of upward expansion.

"Cooping people in an elevator like cattle in a car is a poor way to promote sales," said one Simpsons-Sears executive. "You've locked them in a box where they can't see the goods you want them to see. Escalators are better. At least they take your purchaser to every floor. But the single-story or two-floor store is best of all. No selling time is lost while you go through the costly business of lifting your customers to shopping areas."

Selecting a site for such a big investment in a suburb has certain elements of risk. Simpsons-Sears has borrowed the procedure developed by its U. S. parent Sears Roebuck.

The store planners first analyze the population and income characteristics of a city in which they plan to build. (They have now done this for most Canadian cities of more than forty thousand people.) Next they survey other stores already serving such cities, checking their business volume to decide whether Simpsons-Sears will fit into the competitive picture. They examine population-density maps to make certain of the direction of new residential development. They study traffic flow to get a picture of where people are going and they check carefully to discover if any roads are planned in the future that will alter the traffic flow.

On the basis of these studies the planners select two or three possible sites. For each site a traffic-zoned map

is prepared, showing the number of people living within five, ten or twenty minutes' driving time. This usually brings down the selection to a single site. Simpsons-Sears has already used this technique to find eleven store sites and its experts are still looking for more.

But under the agreement by which it was established Simpsons-Sears cannot put stores in Montreal, Toronto, London, Halifax or Regina, the five cities where its Canadian parent, the Robert Simpson Company, already has department stores. Early in 1953, after the new Simpsons-Sears had started its store-building program, the original Simpson's company announced it was also launching an expansion that would greatly enlarge and modernize its traditionally styled downtown stores. The biggest projects were carried out in Montreal and London. Simpson's at Montreal was doubled in size at a cost of seven million dollars; the London store was given a million-dollar expansion and face lifting.

Meanwhile Eaton's has not been sitting still. Late in 1953 when Simpsons-Sears announced it was moving into the Maritimes with a store planned for Saint John, Eaton's—already well represented throughout the Maritimes with two main stores and four smaller ones—announced it was buying a store in Corner Brook, Nfld. Then it disclosed plans for its first Prince Edward Island store—at Charlottetown. Recently when offering a bond issue for seventeen and a half million dollars Eaton's announced that twelve millions were earmarked for additional land and buildings.

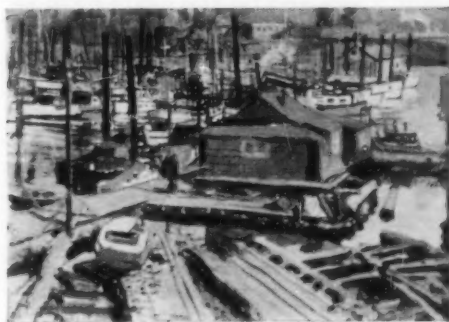
But for a majority of Canadians, Eaton's and Simpsons-Sears are not city stores at all, but the familiar names on the fat slick mail-order catalogues that are awaited eagerly twice each year in practically every Canadian rural and small-town home. In many thousands of those homes Canada's two big mail-order catalogues form the main, often the only link, with the outside business world. They and the Bible are the three books you are sure to find in every farmhouse.

They set the styles for almost half of Canada. They are the inspiration for thousands of children's letters to Santa Claus ("and please bring daddy the electric fence on page 472 cause the black heifer is getting in the fall wheat"). The women's lingerie pages torn from catalogues are the only pin-ups known to thousands of boys who have never heard of Marilyn Monroe.

During the past two years these catalogues have become probably the main battleground in the Eaton's-Simpson's rivalry. "The battle of the big books" is grim and closely fought. Mail-order sales represent about half



One of the 65 canvases in the Seagram Collection: 'Vancouver,' by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A., O.S.A.



A picturesque section of Vancouver Harbour, the second largest natural harbour in the world, painted for the Seagram Collection by Franklin Arbuckle.



The Cedars in Vancouver's magnificent Stanley Park, painted for the Seagram Collection by Franklin Arbuckle.

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AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL

Now on its trans-Canada tour, the Seagram Collection of Paintings, "Cities of Canada," is being greeted at home with the same enthusiasm it received in 15 foreign lands on its famed 30,000-mile international tour of goodwill.

The House of Seagram commissioned Canada's distinguished artists to portray Canada's cities on canvas, and then sent these paintings abroad with the earnest hope that they would win new friends and increased understanding for Canada. This hope was more than realized when over a quarter of a million people in other lands visited the Seagram Collection.

Today, in far-off places, people are still talking about the occasion when these Ambassadors of Goodwill came to call.

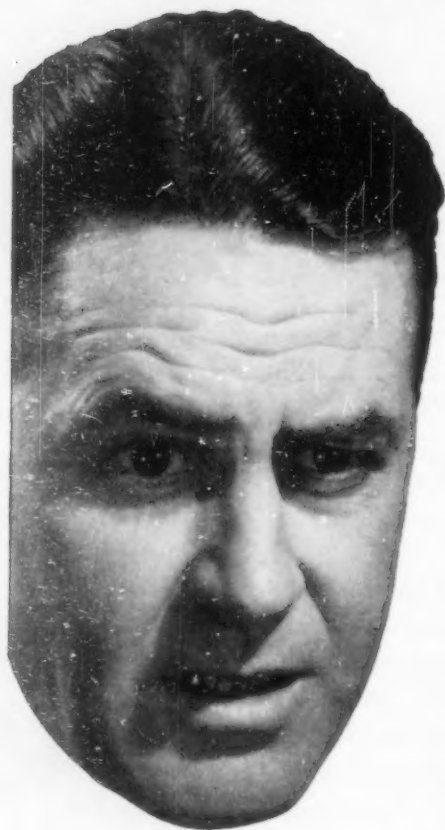
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\$5,000 IN SMALL CHANGE !

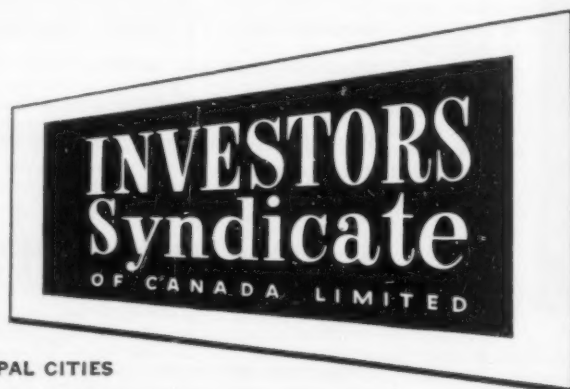


**SAVE IT NOW . . .
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ENJOY IT LATER**

Do you realize that less than \$5 a week, set aside now, will bring you \$5,000 in 15 years time ?

Maybe it's small change now—say eighty cents a day—but with proper planning it could be a small fortune 15 years from now! The savings plan offered by Investors Syndicate can do amazing things with a small, but regular amount of money. That's because two vitally important factors are working for you—wise investment and compound interest. Long before it seems possible your savings goal will have been attained.

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HEAD OFFICE • WINNIPEG; OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

the total business for each side, so the stakes are large. And the risks are high, for once a catalogue is issued the issuer is committed to its prices for months until the next catalogue appears. A price higher than the competitor's cannot be adjusted as is possible in newspaper advertising.

The battle has three fronts: 1. the content, prices and make-up of the catalogues themselves; 2. speed and economy of catalogue production; 3. their circulation.

Until Sears Roebuck came into the picture and Simpson's mail-order division switched to Simpsons-Sears, mail-order competition was at most lukewarm. Eaton's catalogue was larger than Simpson's, more colorful and contained a much greater variety of items—particularly furniture and appliances.

The first Simpsons-Sears catalogue appeared in January 1953, after several months of feverish preparation by a staff augmented with a number of Sears Roebuck mail-order veterans. And it was immediately obvious that the new company was going to give Eaton's a run for its money in mail-order as well as retail stores.

For the first time Simpson's, now Simpsons-Sears, had a catalogue thicker and brighter than Eaton's (556 pages against Eaton's 552). In millions of Canadian homes it was exciting news. The most apparent change, other than size, was a great increase in furnishings, appliances, power and garden tools, boats, firearms, and plumbing and heating supplies, many of them Sears Roebuck brands from the U. S. The index was increased from two-and-a-half to six pages, hunting guns from eleven to twenty-one. There were twice as many refrigerators and washers and eight power lawn mowers where there used to be one.

When the next catalogues appeared, Eaton's hit back with a bigger more colorful 676-page book. But Simpsons-Sears had just started. It jumped to 708 pages and now held a 32-page lead. By this winter's catalogue, Eaton's was still catching up and Simpsons-Sears' lead had dropped to eight pages.

Under Sears Roebuck influence Simpsons-Sears has been breaking with the old Canadian catalogue tradition and injecting a good deal of razzle dazzle into its book. The catalogue sparkles with gadgets, gimmicks and guarantees. You can buy a geiger counter with instructions on how to find uranium, or a plumbing system, an astronomer's telescope, "sizeless" nylons, car insurance, an electric alarm that wakes up Junior the second he begins bed-wetting.

Since children are always losing one mitten, Simpsons-Sears sells mittens in threes. It sews name labels free on most children's clothes and has snow suits that grow with the child (large hems permit lengthening).

Eaton's catalogue has some gimmicks of its own, like the free extra layette for mothers who order one layette and then have twins. But Eaton's has left this field mostly to its rival.

Today's mail-order customers are more conscious of style and fit than they used to be, so both catalogues bulge with charts and measuring advice. Eaton's has a half-page chart to order a man's suit; Simpsons-Sears helps women find out if they are petite, shapely, classic or tall in nylon-stocking sizes. Eaton's provides a diagram telling women how to wear a brassiere for the utmost "support and flattery."

Simpsons-Sears was quick to leap on the do-it-yourself band wagon, and in its catalogue there are free instructions on how to upholster furniture, set up your own TV antenna, lay a tile floor, panel your walls, do your own

electric wiring, cut your family's hair, shingle your roof, put up an eaves-trough or install a plumbing system. Eaton's has followed along, but lukewarmly, and there is less in the Eaton's book for do-it-yourself fans.

But Simpsons-Sears was forced into its most elaborate do-it-yourself service. Its first catalogue offered complete plumbing and heating systems; it caused endless grief because no local plumber would install them. Plumbers are usually dealers too and many would have nothing to do with mail-order systems they themselves didn't sell. Many of the systems were returned to Simpsons-Sears by purchasers demanding their money back.

Eaton's mail-order chiefs, usually careful to avoid antagonizing local businessmen, listened with glee as the stories of Simpsons-Sears' woes leaked through.

But the next year Simpsons-Sears had engineers provide a planning and advisory service to go with plumbing and heating systems. Now the purchaser fills in an order blank and diagram showing the layout of rooms, where he wishes to put his fixtures and the distance to water and sewer connections. He gets back a blueprint with step-by-step instructions on how to install the system. And for a deposit of \$132 Simpsons-Sears also will lend him all the plumbing tools he needs to do the job—vise, pipe cutter, thread cutters, plumber's furnace, melting pot, pouring ladle, blow torch and the rest.

Baby Chicks Are A Nuisance

Eaton's hasn't gone into the plumbing business, but it offers a hot-air furnace and heating system and provides a blueprint and instructions so "you can install it yourself and save."

With the stiffening of competition, the basic mail-order appeals of the two companies have not changed. Simpsons-Sears still makes its main pitch to suburban and small-town residents; Eaton's catalogue is aimed principally at the laboring man and farmer. So the Eaton's customer has fifty-six different brands, shapes and colors of men's long underwear to choose from; Simpsons-Sears has thirty-five. Eaton's has four pages of men's work shirts, Simpsons-Sears has two. Eaton's has four styles of snowshoes for trappers and lumberjacks, Simpsons-Sears has none. Eaton's still has a full page of harnesses and harness supplies for the farmer but only one saddle for the riding fans; Simpsons-Sears has four fancy saddles for the suburban dude ranch but not a stitch of harness for a work horse.

For the suburban and town home Simpsons-Sears has thirteen refrigerators and home freezers, Eaton's has six. Although Eaton's is well ahead in men's work shirts, it has only two pages of dress and sports shirts against Simpsons-Sears' six.

Eaton's wasn't sorry to see one traditional mail-order service for farm customers copied by Simpsons-Sears. It was the selling by mail of live baby chicks and turkeys, often a nuisance because Eaton's had to assume responsibility every time cold weather or a railroad delay caused the chicks to die. Eaton's stuck with this business for years simply as a service to its thousands of farm customers. Simpsons-Sears now offers baby chicks and turkeys with the same live-delivery guarantee.

"The catalogue produced fastest has the latest styles, prices. It's a hot race"

One important change by Simpsons-Sears was to abolish the old Simpson's policy of prepaying shipping charges on orders of more than two dollars. Eaton's still pays shipping costs on all eastern Canada mail-order business, although in western Canada Eaton's charges extra for shipping some heavy goods. Simpsons-Sears pays shipping costs on lightweight articles like clothing and shoes, but the buyer pays on furniture and appliances.

"We feel this is the most equitable way of doing it," said J. H. Thomson, manager of Simpsons-Sears catalogue. "Instead of averaging shipping costs and charging everyone the same, each customer pays his own. The nearby customer isn't subsidizing the customer who lives several hundred miles away."

But some other merchants see another strategy here. All Eaton's catalogue prices include an averaged shipping cost. All Simpsons-Sears prices in "hard lines" like furniture and appliances—the lines in which Simpsons-Sears is competing most keenly with Eaton's—do not include a shipping cost. So the average buyer comparing prices without considering shipping costs gets the impression Simpsons-Sears' prices are lower.

Eaton's cheapest refrigerator is \$249. Simpsons-Sears has approximately the same machine \$9.05 cheaper. But the freight cost on the 256-pound Simpsons-Sears refrigerator to, say, Sault Ste. Marie is \$5.35, so at the Soo the Simpsons-Sears refrigerator is only \$3.70 cheaper. And at Kenora, twelve hundred freight miles from Toronto, the Eaton's refrigerator delivered at \$249 is cheaper.

Both firms are constantly speeding up and streamlining catalogue production methods and working to expand catalogue circulations, while maintaining strictest secrecy about projected contents and plans.

Production speed is as important to a mail-order catalogue as it is to a newspaper. Just as a newspaper has to keep on top of the ever-changing news, catalogues have to keep up with changing fashions. The catalogue produced in the shortest time will have the latest styles and prices. For many years Eaton's had a comfortable edge and Simpson's buyers had to close their deals and accept goods several weeks ahead of Eaton's buyers to get them in the same catalogue. Simpson's gradually narrowed the production gap until Simpsons-Sears took over. Now Eaton's and Simpsons-Sears are running neck and neck with their catalogue deadline dates.

Each firm publishes six catalogues a year—two main ones for winter and summer and four supplementary editions. The small editions are spaced between the two main issues so prices can be reduced on items from the preceding catalogue that are selling slowly, and so that new styles can be tested to determine what treatment they merit in the next big catalogue.

Officials of both sides staunchly declare they wouldn't think of spying on one another's catalogue prices ahead of publication, yet both surround their catalogue-production divisions with a security system as tight as the Iron Curtain.

"If the other people got possession of advance proofs of our catalogue they could crucify us, practically put us out of business," said J. H. Thomson, Simpsons-Sears catalogue manager. "They could beat us on every

...FOR MY MONEY, THIS IS THE BEST PORT!"

"THAT'S CANADIAN '74' PORT! BLINDFOLDED, YOU CAN'T SEE THE LABEL ... BUT YOU CAN TASTE THE QUALITY!"

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SINCE 1874

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For your free copy of the 30-page full-colour booklet "Bright and Cheery Recipes", write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

Don't be without your Maclean's . . .

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Then you will be sure that no matter how large is the demand for Maclean's, your personal copy will be delivered right to your door.

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THE VASELINE BRAND IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF PURITY

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Save time and money, Plant the new hybrids.

Send today for Stokes Seeds new catalogue, listing over 50 hybrids and the other best strains of flowers and vegetables.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Don't toss and turn. Take the original green cough syrup.

WAMPOLE'S

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Soothes irritation in the throat instantly—gives prompt, safe, lasting relief from obstinate coughs of colds.

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TRY IT... PROVE ITS EFFECTIVENESS



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It's easy! All your members and friends enjoy reading magazines—on their new and renewal subscriptions your group can keep a generous portion of each subscription dollar.

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548-19



When Simpsons-Sears was called an import firm, Eaton's became "Eaton's of Canada"

price and we couldn't do a thing about it for six months."

To prevent this, catalogue-production employees are carefully screened, and trained never to discuss their jobs outside. Copy on the way to printers is watched closely so it cannot go astray. And the whole operation is so decentralized in both firms that most individuals have access only to information relating to limited departments. Only a few key men know the whole picture. If a man engaged in catalogue production has to be dismissed, the firing is almost certain to be postponed until the catalogue is off the press so that he cannot retaliate by taking information to "the other people."

Larger size, more color and costlier paper have boosted catalogue production costs during the past few years of increasing mail-order competition. The catalogues used to cost about a dollar each to turn out and, though the exact figure is secret, it is probably about a dollar and fifty cents today.

Catalogues Flown to Aklavik

Each mail-order house keeps count of how much business it gets from each catalogue, and catalogues that don't bring in a certain minimum per year (that minimum is top secret too) are cut off. But since the competition stiffened, both firms have become freer with their catalogue circulation.

At the end of the war Eaton's had a catalogue circulation of about one million and Simpson's was somewhat less. But last February Simpsons-Sears when floating a bond issue announced its catalogue circulation to be more than one and a half million. Other retailers believe that each firm is now distributing close to two million copies of each edition of its catalogue.

Average catalogue postage is twenty-eight cents, but with the two companies trying to outdo each other circulating into remote areas they are spending many times more than that to get some catalogues to their destination. The big books of both are now sent to Aklavik in the Arctic by air at a cost of almost seven dollars a book.

This is only one expense the companies are assuming to expand mail-order business in the hinterlands. Their COD policy is a costly service in the Arctic, for Indians and Eskimos, flush with money after cashing in a winter's fur catch, often send in COD orders, then spend their money on something else. The order has to be sent back over the same costly freight route—with Eaton's or Simpsons-Sears paying shipping costs both ways.

A year ago sixty-five COD mail-order parcels were returned from the tiny Mackenzie River settlement of Fort Good Hope alone. Both Eaton's and Simpsons-Sears keep blacklists of people from whom COD orders have been returned and don't accept further orders.

When Simpsons-Sears began doing business there were some indignant accusations that the new company was only an "import house" and a "Yank invasion" of Canadian business. Eaton's was careful to keep its name from being linked with these back-stabbing accusations, but it launched its own subtle attack against the U. S. connections of its competitor.

Soon after the Sears deal was announced Eaton's began to boast of its long all-Canadian background in a demonstration of patriotism skilfully

designed to contrast with the newly acquired U. S. roots of Simpsons-Sears. Instead of calling itself simply "Eaton's" in its ads and on its delivery trucks, it suddenly blossomed forth as "Eaton's of Canada." Symbolic maps of Canada, and Union Jacks to draw attention to its British-made goods, were spotted through the Eaton's catalogue. While the Simpsons-Sears catalogue overlooked the fact that many of its "hard line" items were Sears Roebuck brands imported from the U. S., Eaton's catalogue was playing up Canadian and English-made goods wherever it could, stressing that its woollens come "from Britain's finest mills" and that its furniture is the product of "finest Canadian craftsmanship." Even Eaton's budgie birds are "from Canadian talking strains."

The same sharply contrasting attitude is shown by the covers of their current winter catalogues. The cover is the most valuable selling spot. Simpsons-Sears' cover features one of the company's most attractive women's coat and hat bargains; Eaton's devotes its entire cover to selling the Eaton's name. Under the heading "What's in a Name?" it presents a brief essay on the Eaton name "... 85 years under the management of the Eaton family ... a distinctively Canadian name." And it's signed at the bottom in heavy red type: "Eaton's of Canada."

But the biggest Simpsons-Sears worry arising out of its U. S. ties is not the subtle ribbing it gets from "Eaton's of Canada." It is tariff trouble laid on by the Canadian government.

Under the original plan Simpson's and Simpsons-Sears hoped to profit handsomely from the vast volume buying and production of Sears Roebuck in the U. S. Because of the tremendous production contracts it can give, Sears Roebuck gets articles produced exclusively for it at prices well below the U. S. average. Simpsons-Sears gets these same U. S. - made articles, notably in the home appliance line, at the bargain Sears Roebuck price, and it expected as a matter of course to be charged customs duty also on this lower price. But Canadian customs ruled that tariff on these goods entering Canada had to be based on the "going" U. S. price, not the much lower Sears Roebuck invoice price which Simpsons-Sears actually pays. As a result the Canadian firm found itself paying larger tariffs than it had planned, a factor that has prevented Simpsons-Sears from getting the full advantage from Sears Roebuck volume buying.

As a result of these tariff troubles Simpsons-Sears is going all out on a program to get its Sears Roebuck "private brand name" products such as "Coldspot" refrigerators and "Kenmore" washers manufactured in Canada. It aims eventually to make eighty-five percent of Simpsons-Sears goods in Canada. But setting up a "private brand name" manufacturing program isn't easy for it is a business that manufacturers are often not too keen to undertake. Usually it requires mass-producing a product as good as the manufacturer's own brand, but selling it to Simpsons-Sears at a cheaper price so that Simpsons-Sears can sell it to the public at a price lower than the manufacturer's own brand.

To get over this obstacle Eaton's years ago branched out into the manufacturing business and produces some lines like stoves for itself. Simpsons-

Sears, to get its "Coldspot" refrigerators produced in Canada, recently had to buy a twenty-percent interest in Kelvinator of Canada at London and get two Simpsons-Sears men on the Kelvinator board of directors, before a deal with Kelvinator was successfully closed. And there are said to be more such Simpsons-Sears deals pending.

In some other cases U. S. manufacturers handling big production contracts for Sears Roebuck are setting up branch plants in Canada to produce the same products for Simpsons-Sears. Most recent example is a Wisconsin producer of water pumps and farm water systems, Sta-Rite Products Inc., which has taken over a plant at Ajax near Toronto.

Meanwhile at Toronto, the birthplace and modern headquarters of both firms, the nation's biggest individual Eaton's and Simpson's stores face each other across narrow Queen Street, eyeing each other's movements like belligerent eagles on neighboring crags. Like newspapers, they are always striving to scoop each other. The day Marilyn Bell swam across Lake Ontario last September Eaton's window-display staff worked late and secretly behind drawn curtains setting up a special window to honor the teenager who had suddenly become Toronto's sweetheart. Then they crossed the street hopefully to see if they had scooped "the other people." It was a draw. The Simpson's display staff was just putting the finishing touches on their Marilyn Bell window.

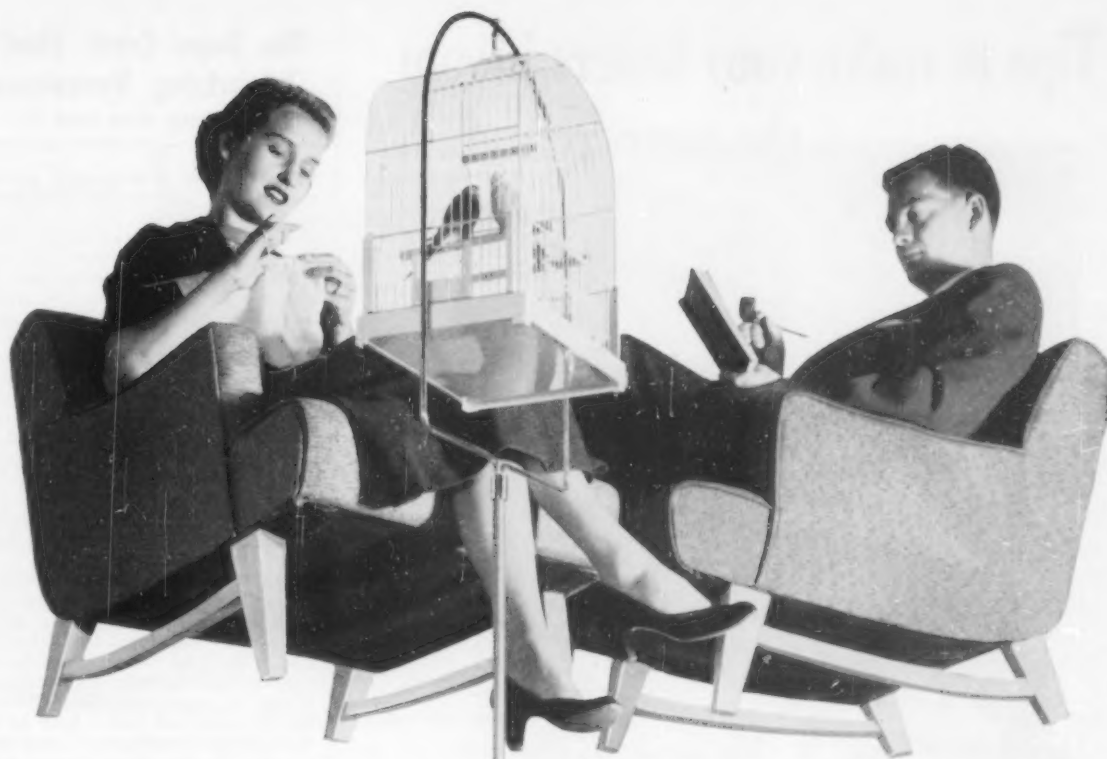
Shopping Is Their Secret

Every shopping day a surging stream of shoppers flows back and forth across the street between the competing stores. What the shoppers do not know is that among them often are Eaton's or Simpson's spies furtively crossing the street to spy out the opposition's newest bargains or merchandising methods. In the trade they are called "comparison shoppers," but no cloak-and-dagger undercover agent has had greater claim to the title "spy." Because of their comparison shoppers it has become virtually impossible for one store to have an exclusive bargain more than a few hours—the other store's comparison shoppers spot it, rush back home with the word and the bargain is quickly duplicated in the second store.

The identity of comparison shoppers is kept secret in their own stores as well as outside, for their duties include spying on their own staff as well as the opposition. A Simpson's comparison shopper recently bought at Eaton's a dress she deliberately selected as requiring alteration before it would fit. Then she bought a dress at her own store that required the same amount of alteration. Her own store, Simpson's, wanted one day longer to make the alteration. Next day the department manager was curtly informed that Eaton's was giving faster alteration service and that his service must speed up or else.

Both stores refuse to discuss their comparison-shopping staffs or methods, hardly admitting that such staffs even exist. But some other Toronto merchants claim that the two big stores are watching each other as never before, and that both, since the Sears-Simpson's merger of two-and-a-half years ago, have doubled the number of comparison shoppers.

One thing is certain—the battle of the big stores has only begun. Comparison shoppers are a small part of the immense forces being brought into play in the struggle for a billion-dollar prize—the amount Canadians spend each year in department stores. ★



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The Dope Craze That's Terrorizing Vancouver

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

was that often addicts could not find their regular "pushers" or peddlers who supplied them daily.

Disruption of retail supply lines meant, too, violent fluctuation in price.

Male addicts are usually mild and listless. They lack the brains, experience and resolution to hold up a bank. Sneak thieving is the limit of their everyday capacity. The women almost always resort to prostitution. Deprived of the drug however they become more aggressive. Desperation drives them to hold up small stores and hotels. In a normal month there are an average of twelve minor holdups in Vancouver. In October and November last year the rate rose to more than fifty a month. Early last December there were eleven small holdups in a single day.

The Vancouver police, meanwhile, fought back at the crime and drug wave. The narcotics squad of the city was increased from four to twelve men. The sixteen-man narcotics division of the RCMP was reinforced. Scores of policemen were taken off regular beats and traffic duty to help the Criminal Investigation Department squads. To give widest possible police coverage to the city's danger spots, the usual two-man prowler cars were replaced by one-man cars. Sub-machine guns were issued to some of the police details. In the courts, some magistrates started handing out stunning sentences of ten years to convicted drug peddlers.

But in the underworld these measures did not end the struggle for possession of that ten million dollars so tragically earned and tragically spent. Although the drug-traffic higher-ups are adept at remaining in the background, the ferocity of their battle could not be concealed.

On September 15 the bullet-riddled body of Danny Brent, a night-club waiter with a criminal record, was found on the University of British Columbia golf course. Three days later RCMP found in Brent's strongbox at a bank (which they decline to name) one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of heroin.

On November 8, Robert Hopkins, a bachelor employed in the printing department of the Vancouver Herald, a man of quiet habits and stainless reputation, was brutally murdered in his home. At first no motive for the crime was apparent. Then it was learned that Hopkins had been seen a few days before in casual conversation with a man who had given police information on the Brent murder. The theory now is that Hopkins was murdered in mistake for the informer.

Four days afterward, Donald McMullen, a night watchman on his rounds at a fuel yard, was shot in the shoulder when he surprised a group of men who had just recovered a large cache of drugs from under a sawdust pile.

By the end of the year nobody had been charged with any of the shootings.

But the event in last autumn's outbreak of crime that most sharply illuminated the gangsterism behind Vancouver's drug traffic was the attempted "one-way ride" of William Seminick on November 3. Seminick had recently completed a four-year penitentiary sentence on a narcotics conviction and was once more moving about his Vancouver haunts, a nattily dressed man in his early fifties. One night he was bundled into a car by two men who drove out to Stanley Park. A park policeman in his patrol

jeep heard two shots in rapid succession and drove in that direction. What his headlights revealed was a confused picture: an automobile starting suddenly and roaring at high speed in one direction; a man running in another direction with a revolver in his hand; another man lying on the ground.

Seminick was not seriously hurt. He told police he had broken loose when one of his captors dragged him from the car, presumably to shoot him at point-blank range. The gunman had to fire at the running figure, and one bullet went through Seminick's hat, the other through his groin.

Next day two men were arrested. But Seminick did not identify them as his assailants. The police were convinced that Seminick knew who had shot him but was afraid to talk. They charged him with obstructing the course of justice. He was on bail awaiting trial when the year ended.

Police also face obstructive tactics in their search for sources of dope supply. In conversation with narcotics-squad detectives, peddlers occasionally hint at their sources but they shy from giving the same information under oath in the witness box.

Most charges are brought under one of two sections of the Canadian Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. The section governing being "found in possession," usually preferred against addicts, provides for a sentence of from six months to seven years. Vancouver magistrates usually impose a two-year term.

Police Posing As Addicts

Peddlers are usually charged under the section governing "trafficking." Under this section the onus is on a person found in possession of drugs to prove that he was not buying and selling them. The minimum sentence is six months and the maximum fourteen years.

To obtain a conviction under either section of the act, police have to be able to swear that they found drugs on or about the body of the accused. Hence peddlers and addicts go to great lengths to avoid this.

The leaders themselves rarely handle drug consignments. The usual way of bringing them to justice is to charge them with "conspiring to commit a criminal offense." To obtain a conviction on a conspiracy charge, several police officers have to state under oath that they overheard the accused plotting a drug deal.

Most drug-traffic leaders brought to trial on conspiracy charges have been trapped into drug deals with RCMP undercover men who have wormed their way into the gangs. This laborious and costly procedure is a regular part of the anti-drug war.

The abiding problem of Vancouver's anti-drug squads is, as elsewhere, their lack of control over the original source of the drugs. The substance most used in the drug traffic is, as has been said, heroin.

Heroin is derived from opium, extracted from two species of poppy grown for medicinal purposes in India, China and the Middle East. Legal supplies are distributed under international controls. Until the end of 1954 limited supplies of opium derivatives could be imported into Canada for medicinal use, but since the beginning of this year opium derivatives have been banned entirely.

It has never been possible to suppress illegal growing of opium poppies. Since one matchbox is big enough to hold six hundred dollars worth of heroin, smuggling is relatively simple. Illicit heroin comes into Canada by air, sea and road. Vancouver police suspect that some was brought in recently by



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"The dope habit to youngsters has the appeal of a cult or secret rite. Hundreds of addicts die before they're thirty"

Canadian soldiers on their return from Korea.

Recently Detective Mead saw a seaman and two known women addicts enter a house in the drug zone. He followed them and caught the women in the act of injecting themselves with heroin. He found a quantity of heroin wrapped in a piece of toilet paper hidden in the cuff of a coat belonging to one of the women. In the seaman's quarters on a ship in the harbor Mead found a contraceptive sheath stuffed with heroin and wrapped in more toilet paper. A torn edge of the paper Mead found in the coat cuff matched a torn edge of the paper wrapped around the sheath. On this evidence the seaman was convicted of trafficking.

The seaman had smuggled a consignment of heroin and the two women addicts were testing a sample. Had it been found satisfactory the seaman would have been introduced to traffickers who could afford the tens of thousands of dollars he wanted for the rest.

Contraceptive sheaths are used almost invariably for holding large quantities of drugs because they are elastic and waterproof.

The last big dealers trapped in Vancouver by an RCMP undercover man were two brothers, John and George Mallock. In 1952 an RCMP agent posed for weeks as a big-time American narcotics operator. His findings resulted in the arrest of the Mallocks on charges of conspiracy and trafficking in drugs. William Seminick, who was shot last year, was known to be an associate of the Mallocks.

The Mallocks raised forty thousand dollars bail—and then jumped it. George was picked up in New York last March, brought back to Vancouver, and sentenced to a total of twenty-one years on various charges. John, last seen in Mexico City, is still missing.

But the day-by-day contact of police with the drug traffic is among those most pitiable of lawbreakers, the addicts themselves. The addict buys his doses in the form of "shots" in a cellulose capsule the size of a grain of rice.

The capsules are wrapped in silver foil. The retailing peddlers buy the capsules for about three dollars each and sell them for five dollars each. Sometimes they make up a bargain package of five capsules and sell it for twenty dollars. This is always contained in a small rubber balloon. Whenever they venture out to meet an addict they carry the separate capsules or bargain balloons in their mouths.

If they are approached by police they immediately swallow capsules and balloons and recover them later. When addicts have made a purchase they too pop the drugs into their mouths. Police who nab addicts or peddlers always thrust their fingers into the suspect's mouth to try to grab the drugs before they are swallowed.

Peddlers and addicts make contact cautiously. Sometimes the addict goes to a café where he knows a peddler hangs out. He says to the peddler, "Do you have?" When the latter nods he puts up one to five fingers to indicate the number of capsules he wants. The peddler takes the capsules from his mouth and passes them to the addict under the table. The addict pays, puts the drugs in his mouth and slinks away.

Some peddlers operate in cars. They cruise around the drug zone with the

goods in their mouths until they are flagged by a known addict. Then they stop, open the window an inch, and make the sale. Doors on their cars are locked to prevent the police from pouncing on them and dragging them out.

Lately, to avoid increasing police vigilance, addicts who trust their peddlers have paid for slips of paper bearing a telephone number in code. Addicts call this number, give their name, and say where they'll be at a specified time. An intermediary relays the message to a second number. From the address of the second number the peddler drives out to meet the addict. There are even peddlers who, in response to a telephone call relayed through two or three different numbers, will deliver drugs to an address.

Still another method is the cache. At the foot of fire hydrants, and hydro poles, under flights of steps, handrails and loose curbstones, and even in hotel fire-alarm bells, toilet flush tanks and potted plants, the peddler hides drugs in single capsules and balloons. Addicts pay for a slip of paper locating the cache in code and then pick the drugs up at their convenience.

Tempted To Try Drugs

Into Vancouver's police court dock last November trailed five typical addicts. One was a man of twenty-eight with wasted, wolfish features and long blond hair, wearing a dirty mackinaw, stained summer trousers and broken shoes. Then came a nineteen-year-old boy in a dirty windbreaker and peg-leg trousers. His frightened eyes bulged and his droopy mouth slobbered. Number Three was a pimply, rouged and powdered blonde of twenty-two, who once had been pretty. Her companion was a sullen flat-faced woman of thirty in slattern's clothes. Fifth was an old Chinese, relatively well-dressed, fumbling shamefacedly with his hat.

All had been caught in the act of doping themselves in the Chinese's room in one of the cheap hotels of Vancouver's "drug zone." They had all been to jail before and all went

again. The patterns of their backgrounds were monotonously similar.

The white prisoners had been raised in unhappy homes and had developed into juvenile delinquents. In their teens they had started hanging around cafés frequented by criminals who took drugs. Eventually curiosity and bravado tempted them to try drugs too.

The old Chinese was one of many lonely men of his race who permit addicts to use their rooms, often in return for female favors.

"Addiction nearly always begins," says Detective Mead of the Vancouver drug squad, "in a criminal environment. The youngsters get to know thieves and prostitutes and begin to regard them as heroes and heroines. Then they start imitating them. When they first take drugs it's rather like a boy taking his first cigarette. They do it to show off."

As director of a narcotics survey for the University of British Columbia Dr. George H. Stevenson of Vancouver has studied hundreds of addicts' case histories during the past two years. He says: "The habit appears to hold out to youngsters the appeal of a cult. It has about it the fascination of a secret rite, an outlawed fellowship."

Detective Rex Cray of the Vancouver narcotics squad has estimated that every addict, in his lifetime, makes an average of four more addicts. Prison records show that very few addicts live beyond the age of fifty. Hundreds die before they reach thirty of pneumonia, tuberculosis and infectious diseases arising from malnutrition and exposure.

Occasionally addicts are drawn from unexpected quarters. One woman addict on the streets of Vancouver today is the daughter of a wealthy grocer. Another was the wife of a highly paid executive.

After several years of happily married life and the birth of two children she took to frequenting taverns with a woman friend her husband disapproved of. She became addicted to heroin and soon had to practice prostitution secretly to get money for drugs. She finally served several jail terms.

Each time she came out of jail her

husband met her in his car, bought her handsome gifts and spent large sums trying to rehabilitate her. But she always went back to the dope. She died last summer at twenty-nine.

Dr. Stevenson says that some addicts start by taking a "fix," as an injection of heroin is called, only at week ends or before a party. Such people are known to other addicts as "joypoppers." Dr. Stevenson has encountered some former loggers who had been introduced to heroin as a means of curing raging hang-overs that resulted from drinking bouts when they came out of the bush. Presently, on their visits to town, the loggers were patronizing drug peddlers instead of liquor stores.

"Sooner or later," says Stevenson, "all 'joypoppers' become confirmed addicts and are no longer able to work."

Women Have Little Choice

Vancouver's addicts are two thirds men and one third women. They comprise Canadians, Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, East Indians, American Indians and Negroes in fairly even proportion to the total representation of these races in the city.

Three or four times a day they take a grain of heroin, pour it out of the capsule into a teaspoon and add a little water. Under the teaspoon they hold a match until the powder dissolves and the water is at blood heat. The mixture is next sucked up into an eye-dropper. Into the eye-dropper they then insert a hypodermic needle. They push the needle into a vein in their forearm and squeeze the rubber top of the eye-dropper. In a few minutes all their worries vanish. Stevenson says: "They become completely relaxed. They just sit and yawn and smile and talk and listen to the radio and glow."

To pay the high cost of dope, or even addicts have little choice but prostitution. Because they lose their looks rapidly they are soon in the lowest bracket of the profession. As their fees fall they become more and more importunate in soliciting. In the drug-zone lodging houses, largely inhabited by single men, it is common to see a notice hanging outside bedroom doors which reads: "Do Not Knock." This is an injunction to the drug-addicted prostitutes who go around the lodging houses all day tapping on doors in the hope of finding a client.

For the men the problem of finance is particularly difficult. As a class they tend to be young and, though boastful, fundamentally timid. Generally they are shoplifters, housebreakers and sneak thieves.

A recent RCMP report explains that receivers of stolen goods rarely pay more than a third of the value of any article. Most male addicts therefore have to steal around forty-five dollars worth of property a day to get the fifteen dollars they need for their three "fixes." That means that each one needs to steal more than sixteen thousand dollars worth of property a year to keep himself in dope.

This brings the total of theft by male addicts in Canada to thirty-eight million dollars. Adding to this the eight million dollars derived by women addicts from prostitution indicates an annual loss to Canada of forty-six million dollars, with Vancouver's share standing at more than eighteen million dollars.

If an addict has been unable to beg, borrow or steal funds to buy dope and has to go without it he starts trembling, sweating, shivering and vomiting. For days he can't keep food or liquids down. Alcohol is anathema to him. He suffers chronic insomnia.

In prison addicts going through this



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**SLOW BREWED for
MELLOW FLAVOR**

"Any treatment that lets dope addicts use drugs just results in more crime"

withdrawal period suffer so much that they are given other drugs to help them over it. Distress resulting from the withdrawal of drugs sometimes lasts several months.

Even after years in prison with no access to drugs most addicts resume the habit when they are released. Dr. Stevenson says: "I have reached the conclusion that the only hope of curing addicts lies in psychological treatment during confinement.

Some idea of the horror imposed on addicts by their vice may be gleaned from the experience of two police officers who tailed one young male addict all day.

They picked up his trail around eight o'clock in the morning. He was so jumpy that it was evident he had not saved from the previous night the usual awakening "fix." Pretty soon it was clear he was also out of funds. He began idling restlessly along the aisles of department stores.

All morning he wandered through store after store without seeing an opportunity to steal. He wore scanty clothes and between stores he was soaked by pouring rain. All afternoon he went on, becoming more and more shaky and occasionally pausing over a gutter to retch.

He Never Stopped Screaming

When the department stores closed he had not eaten, nor had he paused. He was trembling violently. There were tears in his eyes. He kept pausing outside lighted small stores that were still open, obviously hoping for some opportunity to hold them up. But the chance never came.

Finally, whimpering and weaving, he began peeping in the women's sections of taverns. Around nine o'clock he saw a prostitute whom he evidently knew. The woman took one look at him, beckoned him in, and lent him some money.

The young addict then shot out in search of a peddler. Two hours later he found one, was caught in the act of making a purchase, and arrested. In jail that night he never stopped screaming.

In the words of the latest RCMP annual report: "The cycle of periodic arrest, subsequent conviction and imprisonment of the addict has failed to make any appreciable progress toward correcting this situation and it would seem that any real hope for positive long-term results can only be achieved by the combined efforts of medical, social and enforcement bodies."

A movement is afoot in Vancouver to concentrate on cure rather than on prosecution. If there is no demand for drugs, it is pointed out, the criminals will be put out of business.

Two years ago the Vancouver Community Chest and Council urged the government to establish clinics at which addicts would undergo psychological treatment while being supplied free, or at a nominal charge, with an ever-decreasing dosage of heroin until they had conquered the habit. This plan has been supported by the Vancouver Province and the Vancouver Sun and is now under consideration by the provincial government. But it embodies principles that were tried out in the United States thirty years ago with disastrous results.

During the five-year narcotics epidemic between 1920 and 1925 more than forty U. S. cities opened clinics

where drugs were sold to registered addicts for as little as two cents a grain. The theory was that the addicts would eventually be cured through drug withdrawal in easy stages and the criminal traffickers would lose their trade.

What actually happened, according to a recent U. S. government report, was that addicts registered at the clinics obtained more drugs than they required and sold them to others who did not dare visit the clinics for fear of being picked up for outstanding criminal charges. Addicts had non-addict friends and relatives register at the clinics to get more drugs, which they disposed of to illegal peddlers.

Prescriptions were forged; dosage sheets were tampered with; false documents were sold; a business mushroomed in the sale of registration cards; and the conduct of many clinics was hampered by local politics and corruption.

Every city with a clinic was invaded by addicts from other cities. Wherever there was a clinic crime increased.

Finally the American Medical Association brought the clinics to an end with these words:

"Any method of treatment for narcotic drug addiction, whether private, institutional, official or governmental which permits the addicted person to dose himself with drugs placed in his hands for self-administration is an unsatisfactory treatment of addicts, begets deception, extends the abuse of the habit-forming narcotic drugs, and causes an increase in crime."

The report also noted that not one of the forty clinics recorded a cure.

The report included an addendum written by R. S. S. Wilson, a former superintendent of the RCMP. He expressed alarm at Canadian proposals to establish distribution clinics.

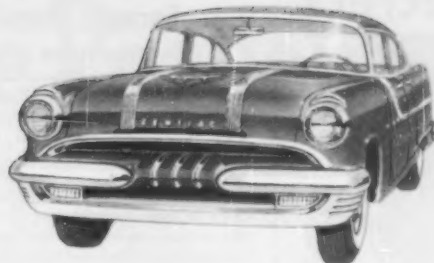
Wilson held that the high price of drugs, occasioned by strict controls, was a better deterrent to a prospective addict than drugs sold at candy prices by the government. The immediate menace, he said, was contagion, which would continue as long as addicts were at large. He asked for committal of all addicts to institutions on certification by three doctors.

The committal would be for ten years. During the early stages the addict would go through the withdrawal treatment and then be given psychological therapy. The emphasis would be on mental cure and there would be no suggestion of punishment.

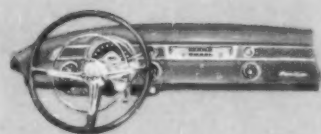
After one year addicts who showed promise of recovery would be released on parole to outside employment. Parole would continue for the duration of the ten-year period. In the event of two lapses on parole the addict would be classified as incurable and sent for life to a special institution reserved for such cases.

And what about the traffickers? British Columbia's Liberal Senator Nancy Hodges said recently: "Stronger punishment than a fourteen-year jail term is needed for higher-ups in the drug traffic. They are potential murderers of men's souls."

In Toronto two eminent religious men carried the senator's thinking a step further. Rabbi Abraham Feinberg and the Rev. John Kelly, professor of philosophy at St. Michael's College, agreed that the role of the drug traffickers was homicidal, as Vancouver's bitter experience seems to show. Therefore, they urged publicly, the punishment for this offense should be death. ★



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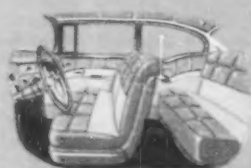
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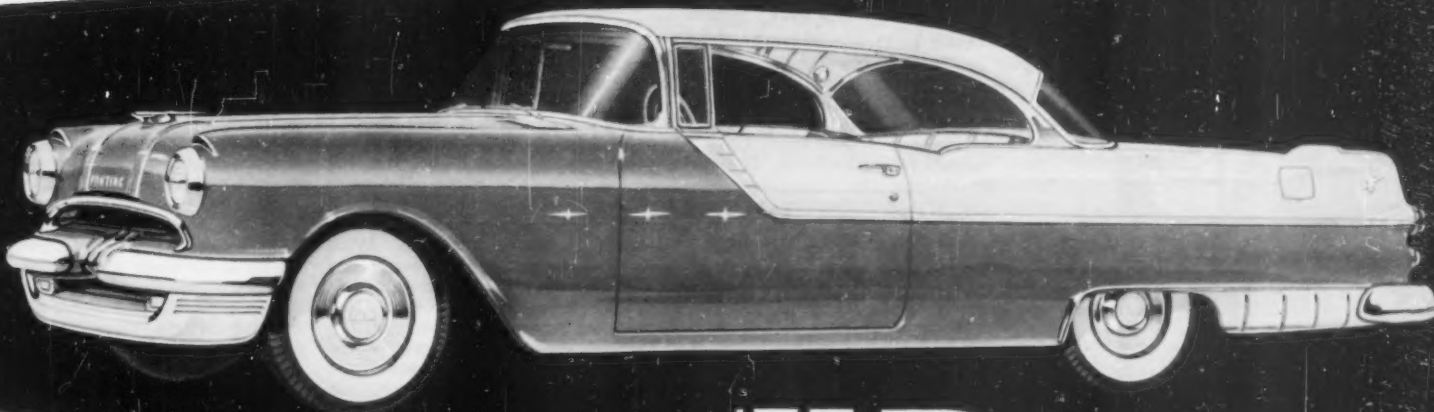


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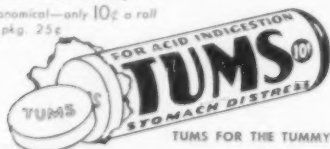
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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Meet Quebec's Most Famous Family

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Lemelin's scripts are packed with action and require a lot of camera movement.

In a recent show there were forty-seven changes of location requiring camera and sound-boom movement at the rate of once every half minute. This compares with about twenty such shifts in the average half-hour drama—one every minute and a half.

The show finishes at 9 p.m. and the telephone in Fugère's control booth rings almost immediately afterward. It's Lemelin calling from Quebec City. He has been watching the show at home. "Tell Mama I thought she was great," he says.

The cast goes back to work again Thursday afternoon rehearsing for Friday's English-language show. The action usually runs more smoothly because of the extra rehearsing, and Fugère has more time to work on camera movements. On Thursday evening there's another radio program and another tape recording for Friday's radio program.

This continuous play acting requires a great effort of concentration from the cast. Yet many of them have other radio and theatre jobs. For twelve years Madame Alarie has played *Tante Lucie* in the radio serial of that name. Denise Pelletier is in demand both for French and English theatre. Last season she played Joan in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* for the Montreal Repertory Theatre. Every night she plays sketches at the Anjou restaurant. Jean-Louis Roux frequently has to rush from the television set to the Gesu Theatre for productions of *Theatre Nouveau Monde*. The curtain is sometimes held for his arrival.

The strain of the twice-weekly bilingual show is in great part offset by a warm feeling of co-operation and affection that binds writer, producer, technical staff and cast. In one show Madame Alarie missed a line in the English version. After the show she wept. Actors and crew crowded round her to console her. Fugère assured her that the slip had not been noticed outside the studio.

Lemelin's affection for the cast has influenced his development of the characters. Vivacious Denise Pelletier now plays a Cecile of thirty-eight instead of the original forty-two. Similarly Ovide, at first a broad caricature of pretentious French-Canadian intellectuals, has gained more depth from Lemelin's regard for Jean-Louis Roux. Basically, though, the characters are projections of Lemelin's own personality.

The author and his script have influenced the actors, too. At a dinner in Quebec City, Paul Guevremont automatically seated himself beside Madame Alarie, earning a rather bewildered look from his own wife who was there. Denise Pelletier habitually refers to "Mama" and "Papa" and "the boys."

Jean-Louis Roux plays many parts in Quebec theatre, but he's always pursued by the ghost of Ovide Plouffe. When he appears at Montreal's Gesu Theatre in the role of the Count of Alma Viva in *Don Juan*, he hears whispers in the audience: "It's Ovide Plouffe."

This show that so thoroughly captivates both audience and cast began three years ago when Wilfred Charland, vice-president and director of McKim Advertising Limited, read *Les Plouffe* and saw in it a theme for a radio serial.

He got in touch with Lemelin and told him his idea.

Lemelin, suspicious of commercial radio, rejected the proposal. But Charland persisted. He had a long record of success with radio shows, including such landmarks of French-Canadian radio as *Ralliment du Rire*, *Madeleine et Pierre*, *Tante Lucie* and *Un Homme et son Pêché* as well as the English-language shows, *Big Sister*, *Light Up* and *Listen* and the Denny Vaughan series.

Finally Charland persuaded Lemelin to try radio script writing. The five-a-week quarter-hour *La Famille Plouffe* went on the air in the autumn of 1952. When the series ended in the spring of 1953 Lemelin went to Europe. He returned that summer hoping the series was over for good. Instead, Charland told him the program had finished second only to *Un Homme et son Pêché* in popularity. Now CBC, the McKim agency and the sponsor, Imperial Tobacco, wanted him to try it as a half-hour weekly television series.

Lemelin said he couldn't write a television script. Charland nagged. Finally Lemelin tried a script. It had thirty characters and many compli-

Count me in

Confronted by domestic chores
And by their wives' insistence,
Most husbands follow, more or less,
The line of least assistance.

TOM TALMAN

cated scenes. When this was pointed out, Lemelin cheerfully agreed: "I told you I couldn't write for television."

But CBC officials shared Charland's confidence in Lemelin. They offered to send him to New York to study television script writing. Lemelin replied testily that he didn't want to learn American methods; he didn't feel like an American.

Jean-Paul Fugère, who had been selected to work with Lemelin, said sadly to him:

"It's too bad that only people from the United States seem to be able to write television scripts."

Stung, Lemelin went back to his home in the Quebec City suburb of Sillery. He had never seen a television show. But he remembered Fugère's blueprint for revising his first script: Shorter sentences. Make the people live. Fewer characters. Fewer scenes.

Lemelin thought hard, and then he started to write. Five hours later he finished his second script. It was accepted without a major alteration.

A couple of months ago Lemelin bought a television set when the new studio at Quebec City opened. With it he is able to watch his own show and a couple of other French-language shows in which he is interested. But he does not pretend to be an expert.

Lemelin credits the success of his radio and TV series to his basic belief in family solidarity and to the way it is interpreted by cast and producer.

Jean-Paul Fugère is the link between Lemelin and the show. He is thirty-two, a graduate engineer and a former actor with the *Compagnons de Saint-Laurent* which developed many acting stars in Quebec. It is Fugère's task to clear any proposed changes with Lemelin, who must give his consent before they can be made. They rarely quarrel on the telephone, for Lemelin feels Fugère is in sympathy with his own desire to present his French-Canadian working-class family as honestly as possible.

Roger Lemelin has an office in his comfortable home in Sillery where he likes to listen to opera recordings while pondering a plot. But sometimes his four children make him flee to his office in Quebec City's lower town.

Lemelin does most of his writing in his downtown office. He concentrates for two or three weeks on his radio scripts and then when he has written enough to put him seven or eight weeks ahead of the current show, he switches to television scripts and tries to work up a similar margin. He tries to keep at least two weeks ahead in radio and three weeks ahead in television.

Lemelin in action is a show himself. Stretched out on his couch, his horn-rimmed glasses pushed up over his forehead and puffing clouds of smoke from a cigarette, he looks off into space and mumbles to himself. Then he reaches for the phone and calls Fugère in Montreal.

"Jean-Paul? Listen to this, it won't take a minute. Napoleon has to grow up. He has to live his own life, you understand. Guillaume is now in the National Hockey League, and he needs Napoleon no longer . . . yes, so Napoleon gets a job, in a warehouse. But when he tries to lift a bag of potatoes, he has a pain in his chest . . . he goes to a doctor, who takes X-rays and tells him that he has a tumor in the lung . . . no, it doesn't come from cigarettes, he doesn't smoke, remember? He must have a dangerous operation, but he doesn't tell the family . . . you see the situation . . . and now he has a girl . . . she is the sister of Stan Labrie . . . they are orphans, and we understand why Stan is so unstable . . . Stan drinks more and more and she comes to Napoleon to ask his help. But he says he has his own troubles. She pleads with him to save Stan. He agrees. He begins to emerge as more than a sports-crazy delayed adolescent . . . He will have his operation . . . you see the possibilities? . . . What do you think? . . . Yes, you like it? . . . You are sure? Tell me, now . . . Good. I will write it today . . ."

Lemelin hangs up the phone, stretches back in his chair, puffs on another cigarette. Then he reaches for the phone again and places a second call to Fugère:

"It is Roger again, Jean-Paul . . . there will have to be a transfusion . . . the family think it is a simple operation, but it is very difficult. I have been talking to a surgeon . . . you see what will happen? . . . Do you still like it? . . . Good. I will write it now . . . Au revoir."

Sometimes a half-dozen calls are made to Fugère before Lemelin starts a new episode of *The Plouffe Family*. After one evening of such calls, Fugère's wife said to him: "It sounds as though you were both having a baby."

Once Lemelin has the story clear in his mind, he keeps writing the episode until it is completed. He speaks the dialogue, taking the character of each member of the family. He laughs gleefully at the jokes, and in a tender or dramatic moment, he weeps.

Lemelin's downtown office is in the same building as his bank. He says it keeps the channels of communication clear for the transfer of funds. These amount to something close to \$75,000 a year for five radio scripts and two television scripts a week, all commercially sponsored.

Lemelin long ago proved himself an astute businessman. His first book, *Au Pied de la Pente Douce*, was published in 1944 and became a sensation when it sold 35,000 copies in French Canada. It was published by *Les Editions de l'Arbre* under the usual terms in which the publisher held most

of the future rights to whatever may come from the book. But Lemelin repurchased these rights, and he has retained full rights to everything else he has written.

His second book, *Les Plouffe*, was twice as long as *Au Pied de la Pente Douce*, and the publisher was fearful about printing a book to sell at double the price of the first one. Then Lemelin engineered a feat that has made every Canadian writer's mouth water. In 1948 he went to a Quebec City textbook printer, Louis Belisle, and made a deal with him to print 24,000 copies at a cost to Lemelin of seventy-five cents a copy.

Lemelin then sold the whole edition to the Montreal publisher, Beauchemin, for \$1.25. His earnings on 24,000 copies ordinarily would be \$6,000. By arranging his own printing Lemelin made \$12,000. And since, in effect, he bought the printed books from Belisle and then sold them to Beauchemin at a profit of fifty cents a book the whole deal was capital gain and Lemelin was not required to pay tax on his profit.

When Lemelin's income soared with radio and television contracts he formed two companies—*Les Entreprises Roger Lemelin*, based on his TV work, and *Les Productions du Buisson*, based on his radio scripts. Both companies engage in other enterprises such as his novels, real estate, investments, the jigsaw puzzles, resale of TV scripts, which are published in a French-language magazine in Montreal. Lemelin draws a weekly salary of one hundred and fifty dollars from each of his companies. The device—perfectly legal—enables him to spread his tax over a period of years, for he does not expect to remain a radio and television script writer for more than two or three years. It does not permit him to take anything in nontaxable capital gain, however.

Lemelin, at six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds, is a handsome man with black hair, brown eyes, and an open face matured by a black mustache. People who meet him for the first time usually find him cocksure and conceited. The impression rarely outlasts a second meeting. His aggressive manner comes from his role as the *enfant terrible* of French-Canadian letters. A recent "open letter" in the Montreal magazine *Vraie* signed by Rolland Lorraine and addressed to Ovide Plouffe complained that the character of Ovide held up French-Canadian intellectuals to ridicule. Says Lemelin of this type of critic:

"They recognize themselves in Ovide Plouffe. They have a feeling of inferiority about the real value of French Canadians as a people and they try to imitate the French when they go to France, try to pass themselves off as French people instead of French Canadians."

Meanwhile Lemelin wraps himself up in his characters and their problems. He is anxious that they be understood and liked by English people as well as French, for he thinks that they honestly represent real French Canadians.

It is an unspoken dream at CBC as well as with Charland, Fugère and Lemelin that one day The Plouffe Family may cross the border to reverse the stream of cultural propaganda that thus far is notably one-sided. However there have been no U. S. queries as yet.

But there is plenty of evidence to show the grip the shows have upon Canadians. Last summer Lemelin was on a fishing trip. When the guide learned that he was connected with the Plouffes, he begged Lemelin:

"Send that poor old Theophile up here. He never catches anything but smelt. I'll take him to a five-pound trout." ★

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ACTUARIAL TYPE—Knows that accidents at night happen to only one in two hundred, believes he's among the other 199. He is—but one of these days—POW!



INCENDIARY BOMB—Never forgets matches but always forgets to buy fresh batteries for the household flashlight. Though a model housekeeper, she endangers her home every time she uses a match in the dark!

some people forget to



TRAVELLER—"Never drive at night so who needs batteries?" Got marooned in storm one day, spent the night memorizing old flashlight proverb—"Better be safe than sorry."



MRS. PROUDLY—Accidents *can't* happen to her—too well insured! But accidents do happen to all kinds of people in the dark. Lowest accident insurance in the world is a flashlight.



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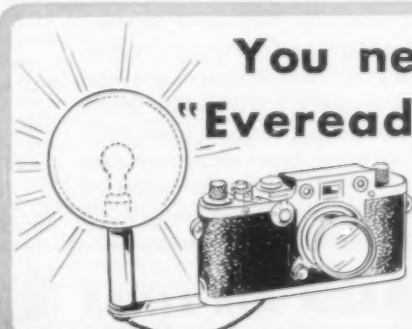
And there's only one reason why you should *remember* to buy flashlight batteries—for safety's sake. There's no substitute for a flashlight with its safe, powerful beam of light. Check your flashlight now, while you think of it. You may need it tonight! Keep flashlights in your home and in your car and keep 'em loaded with "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries—guaranteed leakproof performance plus long life.

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PFM1-55

The Squalid Mess in Indo-China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

When the Geneva pact brought a ceasefire. Last autumn when the evacuation of these troops to North Viet Nam was supposed to be complete, only two hundred thousand had been moved. The rest had faded into the landscape with their small arms.

Communists have already given

proof, too, of their political strength in the south. Early last fall as the exchange of troops was just beginning the Viet Minh withdrew from some parts of central Viet Nam before French Union troops were ready to take over. When the French Union forces did arrive they were met by hostile civilian mobs who sometimes threw rocks at them. On one such occasion the French Union troops opened fire and killed eighty people. After that, the International Supervisory Commission arranged to send a mobile team along with any detachment taking over an

area in similar circumstances. The mere presence of an outside observer put enough restraint on both sides to prevent any further outbreaks. But all these incidents combine to give an ominous picture of the future in South Viet Nam.

North Viet Nam is equally ominous in the opposite way. There, the Communist Viet Minh is in complete control. Its wooden-faced little soldiers swarm in the streets of Hanoi, waving their Russian Sten-type guns with a nonchalance that scares the innocent bystander. At first they used to enjoy

chivvying foreigners off the sidewalk at bayonet point; after the International Commission protested to Viet Minh authorities this pastime was forbidden, but nobody is allowed to forget that the Communists and their army are in charge.

Before they'd been in Hanoi a full fortnight they had started classes to indoctrinate the people in communism. Press and assembly are controlled as a matter of course. It is very difficult to imagine the northern half of Viet Nam electing anything but a solid bloc of Communists next year, if elections are held.

In the rest of Indo-China the outlook is not quite so dark from the free world's point of view. Laos and Cambodia, the sleepy little toy kingdoms of the interior, are so quiet compared to Viet Nam that they look relatively stable. In neither country are the Communists strong: Cambodia defeated an invading force of Viet Minh in the field, and Laos ended the war with only two provinces held by the Communist-dominated "Free Laotian" movement. But even Laos and Cambodia are not quite as securely on our side as they appear.

Laos, for example, spent last autumn without a government. The prime minister resigned after the defense minister was assassinated at a dinner party in the foreign minister's house, and the retiring prime minister had a hard time finding anyone else to take on the job. Laotian politics are primitive but complicated. There is no party system; parliament is an aggregation of individuals loosely grouped around outstanding personalities, and the government is a family compact. King Sisavong Vong has been reigning since 1905, which makes him long-distance champion among contemporary monarchs, but he is a gouty old soul who spends half of each year in France taking the waters.

Lush, green, smiling Cambodia looks like a land of slumber and of peace, but its plump young King Norodom Sihanouk rules by decree in a "state of emergency." Parliament has been dissolved; assemblies of more than five people are prohibited. The Cambodian politician who is most likely to win the election planned for this year is a man who only lately emerged from the jungle where he spent several years as a rebel in arms. His name is Son Ngoc Thanh; he is not a Communist, but he is an opportunist who collaborated happily with the Japanese and is thought to be equally amenable to the Viet Minh.

Cambodian rebels are not necessarily Communist, either—they're more like the bands who followed Chinese warlords two and three decades ago—but they too have an eye to the main chance. They were demobilized after the Geneva conference, ostensibly, but nobody is so naive as to suppose the Cambodian rebels have been disarmed.

Laos and Cambodia are so backward and primitive that their affairs are in the hands of very few people. The two million Laotians and the four million Cambodians compete (if that is not too active a verb) for the distinction of being the laziest people in the world, and the Cambodians win by a nose. In Cambodia it's a day's work for a grown man to stand, lead rope in hand, and tend a grazing water buffalo. Not people to start a Communist revolution—but not people to stop one, either.

It's not hard to imagine a small Communist group displacing the small group that now runs Laos and Cambodia, as easily as Pizarro and his six hundred Spaniards displaced the Inca in Peru. The apathetic peasantry, drowsing beside its fishing poles and water buffalo, might not even notice.



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Even without a political or military conquest, a Communist Viet Nam would have strong means of persuasion against the little inland neighbors. Viet Nam already collects, at the port of Saigon, all the customs and excise revenue which is the chief government income of all three states. Viet Nam is supposed to share out this revenue on a per capita basis. In fact, the Vietnamese have been very slothful about distributing this money. Geography alone indicates that Viet Nam would always have this kind of stranglehold on the small and almost landlocked monarchies of the interior.

Dark as is the outlook for Indo-China, some diehards among the French colonials seem bent on making it even darker.

France has not yet withdrawn from Indo-China. A French general signed the Geneva agreements for Laos and for Viet Nam; Laos and Cambodia both have treaties of alliance with France, and all three countries are still members of the French Union (though nobody in any land is quite sure what that means). French policy is to get out of the whole region as fast as is consistent with honor and common sense, but some Frenchmen seem to think even now that nothing has changed since 1939.

Suspect French Colonials

In Laos, whether through incompetence or deliberate malice, they did a lot to impede and discredit the International Supervisory Commission. At the outset, while the commission had no transport and was still looking vainly for decent living quarters, the French produced a deluge of complaints which they demanded the commission investigate instantly. Later, when the commission was ready to do so but relied on the French for air transport, aircraft seemed oddly unavailable.

On one occasion the commission asked for helicopters, the only means of access to many remote villages where violations of the armistice were reported. The French said they couldn't spare any. The commission got into direct touch with Washington and renewed the request there. Washington sent back the answer: "Sure, we'll be glad to help you—but what are you doing with the sixteen helicopters we gave you already?" Enquiry revealed that the commission's request had never even been sent on to the responsible authorities in the French Union forces.

In Viet Nam, French colonials were suspected of backing the dissident Chief of Staff, General Nguyen Van Hinh, in his defiance of Prime Minister Diem. Hinh is a French citizen, a colonel in the French air force; he is married to a Frenchwoman, and prefers to speak French rather than Vietnamese even to his Vietnamese servants.

Hinh defied Prime Minister Diem for three months, from early September to early December. He didn't admit, of course, that he had French support—he was just a Vietnamese patriot, he said. But one Saturday in November the United States ambassador in Saigon called upon the French commanding general with a private ultimatum: The French would have to stop intriguing against the Diem Government, or take the consequences from Washington. A few weeks later Bao Dai summoned General Hinh to France (where he had refused to go when Diem sent him) and removed him from his post as Chief of Staff.

Why should the French be interested in promoting the rebellion of a Vietnamese general? Diem's supporters have an answer.

"The French are trying to discredit us," said one of Diem's senior officials, "to prove to the Americans that we are incompetent, and that U. S. dollars for Viet Nam should still be entrusted to the French."

In Communist Hanoi, on the other hand, French officials argue that the sensible thing is to forget about Diem and South Viet Nam, accept a Communist victory there as inevitable, and start now making contact with the Communist Viet Minh. They would like to "build a bridge between East and West here," some of them say virtuously; others explain more candidly that they'd like to make some kind of deal with the Communists to protect what's left of the French investment in Indo-China. They admit quite frankly that the reason they don't start now, "building a bridge" on their own, is the fear of annoying the Americans and losing U. S. aid.

Looking at this squalid mess, the visitor soon develops a cynical detachment. Between the smooth-tongued smooth-handed incompetents who wield power on the south side of the 17th parallel and the hard hostile men who are building a Communist regime on the north side, it's easy to say "a plague o' both your houses."

What changed the whole picture in my own mind, from grim farce to human tragedy, was a visit to the refugee camps at Bien Hoa, twenty miles from Saigon. These were the new permanent settlements for about twenty-eight thousand of the Vietnamese Christians, half a million in all, who have fled from the Communist dictatorship in North Viet Nam.

By coincidence a Canadian, Brother Bernard Samuel, of Montreal, was the first white man I met there. With three other Canadians of the Order of St. John of God, Brother Bernard works as a nurse in the so-called "hospital." It is a dreary collection of barracks that the French used as a concentration camp for political prisoners. It contains about three hundred patients who lie side by side on long concrete platforms like cow stables. Brother Bernard and his fellow workers move among them with a rather artificial good cheer—with few drugs, no money and not enough food there isn't much they can do, and the patients know it.

Yet there are few complaints, either in the "hospital" or in the tents and shacks, strung out along eight miles of highway, which make up the refugee settlement. These people live on a daily dole of twelve piastres apiece (thirty-six cents at the official rate) which will buy only a subsistence ration of rice, not enough proteins and greens to prevent the deficiency diseases that are spreading among them. Their tents and straw huts look all right in dry weather, but during the rains some camps were knee deep in water and the people slept in puddles. Yet the Vietnamese Christians are full of faith, hope and energy.

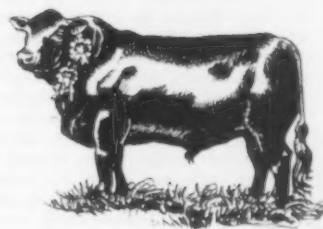
I watched some of them clearing the brush, leveling and measuring land, setting out foundations for homes to replace their tents and lean-to shanties. Through an interpreter I asked the obvious questions:

How could twenty-eight thousand people live off this scrubby land?

"We are artisans, not farmers," said an elderly man from Haiphong. "It's a town we are building here. Most of us are cabinetmakers and carpenters. We hope the Government will build us a sawmill to make our raw material, also a silk mill where the women and children can work. Then we can earn a living."

Meanwhile were they getting enough to eat?

"The Government and the Fathers



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give us food." (Actually the Government puts up the money, but apparently the priests do the buying and distributing.) "Some of us had a little money when we came, and we share."

Why had they come here in the first place?

"We are Catholics. We knew the Communists wouldn't let us practice our religion. We came so that we can bring up our children in our faith."

Theoretically, by terms of the armistice signed at Geneva, they shouldn't have had to move. Article 14 "guarantees their democratic liberties" to all

citizens in both the zones of partition. But I had already heard, in Communist-held Hanoi, how the Communist Viet Minh interpret that stipulation.

True, the practice of Christianity is not specifically forbidden. Churches are open; the clergy are not imprisoned. But I was told by a Vietnamese priest that they are forbidden to speak to parishioners except during church services. People are afraid to come to church because they think, no doubt rightly, that it makes them suspect. Also, the Communist authorities do not recognize a priest's duties as useful

work; priests have to take full-time laboring jobs to earn a living, and have little time for the normal work of a pastor. Finally, they are forbidden to travel outside their own parishes, except with written permits which are very hard to obtain.

Christian schools in North Viet Nam have been closed. The Communist authorities didn't order them shut, but did order them to teach the Communist curriculum. Since this includes instruction in atheism and dialectical materialism, it was impossible for Catholic teachers to follow it. So they closed

their schools, in many villages the only schools in existence.

There are about two million Christians in Viet Nam, almost all Catholics and almost all in the north. One reason why only a quarter have escaped to the south is that escape is made difficult. Article 14 of the Geneva agreement expressly provides that civilians wishing to move from one zone to the other "shall be permitted and helped to do so by the authorities in that district." But Canadians on the International Supervisory Commission find it strangely difficult to prove violations of this article in the armistice.

Plenty of violations have been reported, but the pattern of events is always the same:

First, there is a delay. Indian and Canadian members are ready to go immediately to investigate the complaint, but each investigating team must have a man from each of the three nations on the commission. By an odd coincidence, the Pole is always unable to start at once. Often ten days or two weeks go by before the commission team gets to the place named in the complaint.

Once there, they always find the same thing. Not only are there no grievances against the Viet Minh, there are a great many "petitions"—all in strangely similar phraseology—against the French or the priests or both. From a Vietnamese priest whose parish is deep in Viet Minh territory I learned how these tableaux are arranged. I didn't meet the priest myself—I was warned that if I were to interview him, he'd be in danger of arrest and even execution as a spy. But here is his story at second hand:

When a complaint is made, someone from the Viet Minh arrives in the village—often this is the only way the villagers learn that a complaint has been made on their behalf. The people are called together and get very explicit instructions. No one must speak anything but Vietnamese to the International Commission. The commission brings its own interpreters, but they after all are Vietnamese who will have to live with the Viet Minh after the commission has gone home. Those villagers who can write are told to sign the petitions accusing the French and the priests of coercion and blackmail. Individuals are selected, instructed and rehearsed in oral testimony supporting the written petitions. When all is ready, the International Supervisory Commission team arrives and the hearing is held.

Stories like this make you realize why so many Americans doubt that the International Supervisory Commission can ever do more than weave a thin cloak of respectability for what goes on in Indo-China. They help to explain American suspicions of a supervised election next year. And the plight of the Christian refugees helps you realize why Americans don't go along with the "realistic" French and write off South Viet Nam now.

As a matter of fact Americans are a lot more "realistic" than the French think they are. They are realistic enough to know, for one thing, that no government could survive anywhere in a free Indo-China unless it is unmistakably anti-French. They are realistic enough to know that French colonial policy in the past thirty or forty years has driven most Vietnamese nationalists—who include almost all Vietnamese of any ability and character—willy-nilly into the Communist camp.

It is not because of naive illusions that Americans are trying to prop up the non-Communist governments of Indo-China. It's because this is the only alternative to giving in now without a struggle. ★

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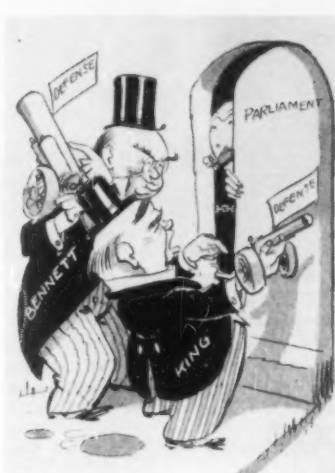
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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



On Nov. 15, 1936, we published Bert Grassick's first Backstage cartoon.



A self-portrait. The modest Grassick has sold thousands of his drawings.

After Nineteen Years Backstage

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to work in these offices very long without being made gently aware of an Unseen Presence lurking somewhere in the background. We refer to the man who draws the cartoons for Backstage at Ottawa and for Parade. He is so modest that he doesn't sign his name to his own work, so retiring that in the past decade he has only been into our offices three or four times. But for the last nineteen years he has had an average of three cartoons in every single issue of this magazine. His name is Bert Grassick.

We asked Grassick to drop in the other day and he agreed, somewhat reluctantly, to be interviewed. He told us that, although he has been drawing the cartoons for Backstage at Ottawa since 1936, he only got around to meeting Blair Fraser, our Ottawa editor, last year. He never did meet any of Fraser's predecessors.

Grassick, who has never had an art lesson, is the most prolific cartoonist we know. His total production runs into tens of thousands of drawings. In addition to his regular features for Maclean's he often does other work for us (such as the map on page 15). He's done covers, too.



As he looks today. He never barks but his pencil will sometimes bite.

He draws a daily cartoon for the Toronto Telegram, six days a week. He's done thousands of advertising drawings. He does political cartoons for the Canadian Forum. He donates cartoons to the Red Cross. At one point, we discover, he was drawing regular cartoons for the CCF News (poking fun at the financial interests) and for The Financial Post (poking fun at the CCF). Like most people of comparable urbanity, Grassick can see fun in nearly everything. ★



"Just a friendly little game"

Like tired workingmen everywhere, some of the editors of this magazine occasionally play bridge. They specialize in the friendly type of game, which means they get into furious fights with their wives. Someone mentioned this in artist Rex Woods' hearing one day and, next time he dropped by our office, he slyly unwrapped a "rough" of this cover.

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**THE SEA
SHALL NOT
HAVE THEM**



starring

**MICHAEL REDGRAVE
DIRK BOGARDE ANTHONY STEEL
BONAR COLLEANO NIGEL PATRICK**



This is the blood-sweat-and tears saga of four downed airmen adrift in a rubber raft on the treacherous North Sea. Here is stark drama starring the men of the Air-Sea Rescue Service whose motto "The Sea Shall Not Have Them" is the title of this film.



movies to watch for

**ROBERT DONAT and KAY WALSH
in
"LEASE OF LIFE"
in Eastman Color**

**GLYNIS JOHNS DONALD SINDEN
ANN CRAWFORD
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
in
"MAD ABOUT MEN"
Color by Technicolor**

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"THE DIVIDED HEART"**

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What's the Truth about the Bible?

Fred Bodsworth's article, *The Strange Story Behind the Bible* (Dec. 15), is interesting and well informed; but why does he leave unchallenged a long-exploded theory, as if it were true?

Mr. Bodsworth says that "the Bible had its dim beginnings in a distant era, when the art of writing was unknown."

During the last fifty years, archeologists have excavated cities in Iraq and Iran, the ancient Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Persia and Babylonia. They have rescued and are deciphering a quarter of a million clay tablets now in the world's museums. These are inscribed chiefly in the Sumerian-invented cuneiform writing.

The labors of these men have made the life of cities such as Ur of the Chaldees, a thousand years before Abraham, vivid to us today. We read a schoolboy's letter to a father begging for money; complicated business dealings such as letters of credit.

A study of the Book of Genesis by scholars familiar with cuneiform has supplied evidence that the first thirty-six chapters of Genesis consist of eleven such "family histories" originally written in cuneiform on clay. The translation of these from script to script, language to language, country to country, through fifty centuries, has been so exact that the literary conventions of the original cuneiform writers have come down to us intact in our modern Bible. In all this we recognize the Hand of God—Humanity's Father.—Mrs. L. Campbell Brown, Okanagan Landing, B.C.

● The author states, "The art of writing probably reached the Hebrews about 1000 BC and they began recording their history and legends in writing." Dr. W. F. Albright, a leading authority on Palestinian archaeology, says, "Only a very ignorant person can now suggest that writing (in many forms) was not known in Palestine and the immediate surrounding regions during the entire second millennium BC" (Bulletin No. 60 of the American Schools of Oriental Research, December 1953).—G. O. Evenston, Edmonton.

● Congratulations to Bodsworth and Maclean's . . . The broad sweep of religious belief has been so "cabined, cribbed, confined" by words and documents and the dogmas of priestly crafts that the true essence has been diluted and dispersed into sects at war with one another over details . . . Anything that sweeps away the cobwebs of ignorance and superstition from the face of the truth must be welcomed in this materialistic age when the cobwebs are often worshipped in lieu of the truth they conceal.—George E. Shortt, Montreal.

● In spite of all the copying and combining of writing in the Bible there is something stable and unchanged—the Spirit that lives within all these writings. Our bodies undergo many changes, but we live on. So with the Bible. Millions of books have been printed, lived for a time. But the Bible gains in power for the Spirit of God is behind it.—Jas. A. Donaghy, Middle Church, Man.

● This is a particularly fine piece in your fine publication.—(Rev.) Waverley D. Gant, Okotoks, Alta.

● An excellent reminder that the Bible was not written in Heaven, though it is frequently called God's Word by some who should know better.—J. K. L. Smith, Edmonton.

● You've done it again! Must the feature story in Maclean's pre-Christmas issue always have an anti-Christian tone? It might well have been written by some pagan.—R. J. Joy, Montreal.

● Bodsworth places Christian tradition on one side and modern scholarship on the other and implies you must choose one or the other and the two are incompatible. It is no more necessary that every word of the Bible be of supernatural origin for the Bible to contain God's Revelation to man than it is necessary for every word of some editorial to be true and accurate for God to speak through your editorial.

Obviously Bodsworth cannot conceive how a tree can be cut without a perfect ax. We all know a good man can cut a tree with many axes. The perfect ax will do the perfect job, provided the woodsman himself is perfect, but in the ordinary course of events he will use an ax that will only be very good and very sharp and in time will have different handles. But it is still the woodsman who causes the

tree to fall.—Rev. Duncan MacLean, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Montreal Vice Clean-Up

Thank you for Ken Johnstone's remarkable article on the Montreal vice clean-up, (How Plante and Drapeau Licked the Montreal Underworld, Dec. 1). It was the most exciting reading I've found in years of reading magazines. Possibly Maclean's could give us more on the author (see cut).—George Murzel, Woodroffe, Ont.



Writer Johnstone at work for Maclean's.

Karsh's Greatest Face?

Congratulations on Karsh's Great Faces in Color (Dec. 1). All the Great Faces since Lincoln seem commonplace beside the serenely beautiful countenance of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the Man of the Century.—Dr. Crawford Rose, Aurora, Ont.

Missed Marilyn's Swim

In her article on Marilyn Bell (How Marilyn Swam the Lake, Nov. 1), June Callwood attributes an exclamatory "Hell!" to J. William Horsey, chairman and president of Dominion Stores Ltd. At the time of Miss Bell's swim, Mr. Horsey was in England and held no telephone or other conversation with Miss Callwood, nor anyone else, on the Bell family's whereabouts.—J. S. Fegans, Director of Public Relations, Dominion Stores Limited, Toronto. ★

An Israeli tells why Israel fights

IN BLAIR FRASER'S article, *Does Israel Want to Start a War?* (Dec. 1), I was glad to note that he found it the only country in the Middle East with a twentieth-century economy and culture and a modern democratic system. He described it as the only state in the region (apart from Turkey) whose government enjoyed the loyalty of its people and which would be a reliable ally. It is useful to have these facts stressed when the Israel government is objecting to the rearming of hostile and unstable Arab regimes around it.

The border troubles Mr. Fraser writes about are not hard to understand. The armistice agreements signed about five years ago between Israel and Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon created an awkward frontier six hundred miles long, winding through hill country or open desert, and impossible to seal off physically. Israel has no depth, being seventy miles across at its widest and ten at its narrowest. Everyone in effect lives on the border.

The official records show that on the Jordan border alone there were till last September 575 Israelis killed and wounded; 1,237 clashes with armed marauding gangs, 170 armed robberies, 150 cases of sabotage and mining, and 3,486 thefts, amounting to many millions of dollars. For our settlements these figures spell families of farmers wiped out in their beds at night, crops and orchards destroyed, cattle and sheep rustled, irrigation pipelines uprooted, communications cut and trucks blown up by road mines. It is not surprising that Israel's frontiersmen, trained and armed to protect themselves, should sometimes hit back at villages which serve as bases for the attacks upon them.

The basic cause of the trouble is that the Arab governments reject peace with Israel and keep alive a tense "armistice." Jordan has rejected proposals for meetings on border problems. Israel is willing to sit down with its neighbors at any time and negotiate settlement of all issues.

MICHAEL COMAY,
Ambassador of Israel to Canada



Backstage in Indo-China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

odd," he said. "The Polish ambassador speaks almost perfect English. It's true his French is even better, but his English is good."

Apparently this was just the simplest and most courteous method of avoiding difficult questions.

The only Pole I met who talked with complete freedom, showed a lively sense of humor and didn't mind being indiscreet, was the Polish ambassador in Phnompenh, Cambodia. He was obviously the ablest and presumably highest ranking of all the 300 Poles in Indo-China. I thought it was significant that he was stationed not in Communist Hanoi but in Cambodia, the one part of Indo-China commonly regarded as safe for the Western democratic side.

ON THE PROFESSIONAL as distinct from the social side, tensions and difficulties in the International Supervisory Commission are sometimes more serious.

Polish delegations hardly bother to conceal the fact that they are doing all they can to further the Communist cause. If the Viet Minh in Viet Nam or the Pathet Lao in Laos would prefer a delay in the visit from the International Commission, the Polish delegate always turns out to be unable to go.

In Laos, for a while at least, delays were imposed in three stages. First there would be an argument at the top level, among the heads of delegations; after long discussion the Canadian and the Indian would vote the Pole down. Then the same discussion would take place, at equal length, at the working committee level where details of the proposed excursion were worked out. Again the Indian and the Canadian would vote the Pole down.

Finally, all would be ready for the start. At that point, the Polish member of the mobile team would refuse to go.

This difficulty, at least, has been removed. It is now definitely agreed policy that if two members of a three-man team vote to make a certain visit, the third man must go along. He may turn in a protest or a dissenting report

if he likes, but he cannot veto the expedition itself—he must join it.

In the face of these Communist tactics, Canadians in all four countries of Indo-China (counting divided Viet Nam as two) tend to get pretty irritated. Indians, on the other hand, keep their patience so heroically and lean over backwards so nimbly that some Canadians get a little exasperated with them too. But on balance and on consideration, most Canadians admit that the Indian attitude is a good one. They agree that seldom, if ever, is the particular issue as important as the general principle of keeping at least one major power uncommitted, and regarded as a fair-minded intermediary by both the great power blocs.

At the same time, however, Indo-China provides another proof that the best treatment for neutralism is membership on an international commission with a Communist colleague.

Officially, the Indians do their best to stay in the middle and keep the good will of both sides. Personally, they find the Communists much harder to get on with than the representatives of the free world. India is a newly free country but has a long tradition of respect for freedom, and the average Indian finds the average Communist just as hard to take as we do.

INTERNATIONAL TENSIONS are not the real trouble with life in Indo-China though. In fact they must sometimes be almost welcome as a relief from the real trouble, boredom.

Physically, conditions in most places are not too bad. True, in Vientiane one morning a Canadian diplomat stepped out of bed and plunked his bare foot down on a live, plump, indignant rat. In Hanoi I saw the biggest cockroach I'd ever seen, a brute as big as a field mouse, strolling across the pillow of an External Affairs official. (He wasn't in bed at the time.) In all four countries the climate is pretty trying—months of solid uninterrupted rain and heat, then months of dry fine weather that is still pretty hot.

But there are compensations. Even Vientiane, the most rural and primitive of the lot, has gorgeous scenery—the sunsets behind the Mekong River are something no visitor will ever forget. From Phnompenh you can go up for week ends to the famous ruins of Angkor Wat, one of the great sights of the world. Saigon and Phnompenh and Hanoi all have sports clubs with swimming pools and tennis courts, and Saigon at least is a fair-sized city with urban amenities.

The real catch is that life here has no point or purpose outside working hours. The work itself is fascinating—I didn't meet a single Canadian who wasn't interested and absorbed in his job. But spare time is a problem for men billeted in hotel rooms, 8,000 miles away from their families, and with not much of anything to do.

In Vientiane they can't even read—the lights are too dim. Between 7 p.m. and midnight, when everyone's lights are turned on, the available current is spread so thin that the electric light fades to about one candle power. And even if there were light to read by there are no books, no newspapers, no printed matter of any sort to be bought in the town.

In Hanoi they have the same problem for different reasons. Books and papers in European languages are not encouraged by the Viet Minh. They prefer thoroughly censored publications in Vietnamese.

Among Canadians the consensus seemed to be "It's not too bad for a year. It's interesting." But I didn't meet anyone who thought he'd like to settle in Southeast Asia. ★

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MACLEAN'S



If you're a subscriber to Maclean's you will receive two free copies of the magazine during the coming year. This is made possible because commencing in March Maclean's is to be published every two weeks instead of twice a month. This means you'll get 26 issues of Canada's National Magazine every year instead of the present 24 at no increase in the subscription price. These two extra copies will mean more hours of enjoyable reading for the million and a half Canadians who read every issue of Maclean's.

Beginning with March 5 issue, Maclean's will be available at your favorite newsstand every other Tuesday — eleven days previous to the actual date of issue.

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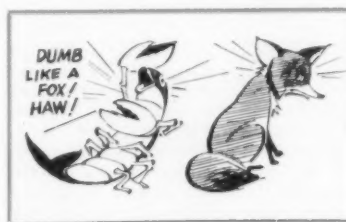
A Maclean-Hunter Publication



ALL CANADA heard about the sensational wave of bank robberies that swept Vancouver recently, but the fact that delighted one local car dealer was the news report the holdup men had used his make of car. By the next edition he had an ad running in the papers, "Better Buys for Bank Bandits," and listing such handy up-to-date features as automatic license changer, camouflage paint, built-in money bags and a guaranteed 1,500 horsepower.

...

Smarter than a fox is the only fitting tribute for the Newfoundland fisherman who set out some snares near his home at Freshwater, Placentia Bay. The snares caught the



rabbits all right but by the time the Freshwater man got to them they'd been half eaten by some larcenous animal. The fisherman toted one of his lobster pots into the woods, set it up with a rabbit for bait, and next morning there was the guilty Reynard trapped inside.

...

A Toronto couple were so devoted to their collie dog that when the animal suddenly disappeared they not only called the dog pound every day but advertised in the "Lost" column of a Toronto newspaper for three full weeks without turning up a clue. Six weeks later when they decided to get rid of their old gas stove they ran another ad in the appropriate column, received a telephone enquiry the first day and told the caller to come right up. When the fellow and his wife arrived, knocked and asked, "Are you the people who—" the advertising couple could only stand there nodding dumbly as out of their callers' car and up the walk bounded the long-lost Trixie.

The would-be stove buyers were frankly disbelieving, until they were shown family snapshots of Trixie, the dog's license and other evidence. Then they were furious that of all the gas ranges offered for sale in Toronto they'd had to come looking at this one. In the end they drove away without the stove, without Trixie and without ever explaining how they'd acquired Trixie in the first place.

Speaking of stoves, buyer and seller were both satisfied with the outcome of this transaction, though the customer had some momentary misgivings. A fellow in the mail-order section of the Fredericton store that sold the stove to a Quebec farmer sent us the farmer's letter:

Dear Sir: I received the stove which I ordered and like it very much but find that the legs were not sent with it. Please send the legs as I would like to use the stove right away. Yours truly...

P.S. Found the legs in the oven. Never mind!

...

The Toronto Transit Commission had no sooner announced it was going to take its crews out of drab grey and put them into airforce-blue uniforms than an RCAF wing commander we know innocently boarded a subway car and was buttonholed by an irate woman determined to tell him what was wrong with the whole system.

...

A Guelph, Ont., mother tells us she hadn't paid much attention to all the hue and cry about radical changes in education until she was leafing through her little daughter's speller the other day. There among a list of new words she found "O.K."—and a sentence to show how it should be used.

...

The woman in Saint John, N.B., hustled out the kitchen door, cut across the corner lot and just caught her bus. As she settled back to get her breath she began to shiver. It



was a cool night out but there were no windows open in the bus and she couldn't understand why she felt so chilled, until she went to shift her big purse from under one arm to the other. It wasn't her purse at all, for instead she had grabbed up from the kitchen counter a loaded tray of ice cubes. And don't think she didn't have a dickens of a time sneaking it back into the fridge when she got home, without any of her family seeing her.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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Fast, free Teletype reservations. Call your nearest Sheraton. No room charge for children under 14 in any Sheraton except New York. Planning a convention? Sheraton Hall, Washington's largest ballroom, opens spring 1955—at the Sheraton-Park Hotel.

*Nature doesn't make the rubber
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You can let your paint brush or roller wander as much as you want—but not a lap mark will show. You can paint a living room—with no odour—and hang pictures 30 minutes later. You can wash the paint off the brush—but not off the walls. You can do these things because the paint you're using has a man-made rubber base precisely tailored to give the needed qualities.

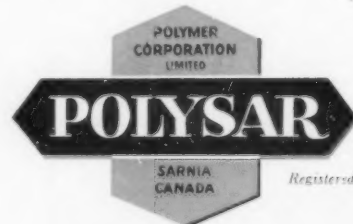
This revolution in paint is part of a much wider revolution that has been going on under your eyes for over a decade. It is part of a revolution in rubber which is enabling manufacturers to vastly improve so many products you see and use every day.

Have you noticed how infrequently you have to check the air in modern tires? That is because 95% of all inner tubes in Canada today are man-made rubber—Polysar Butyl.

Perhaps you have recently installed a rubber tile floor in your home. If so, it is probably made of Polysar Krylene, a man-made rubber with greater qualities of toughness combined with resilience.

Today scores of products are giving you improved performance because they are made wholly or in part of Polysar man-made rubber.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1955

